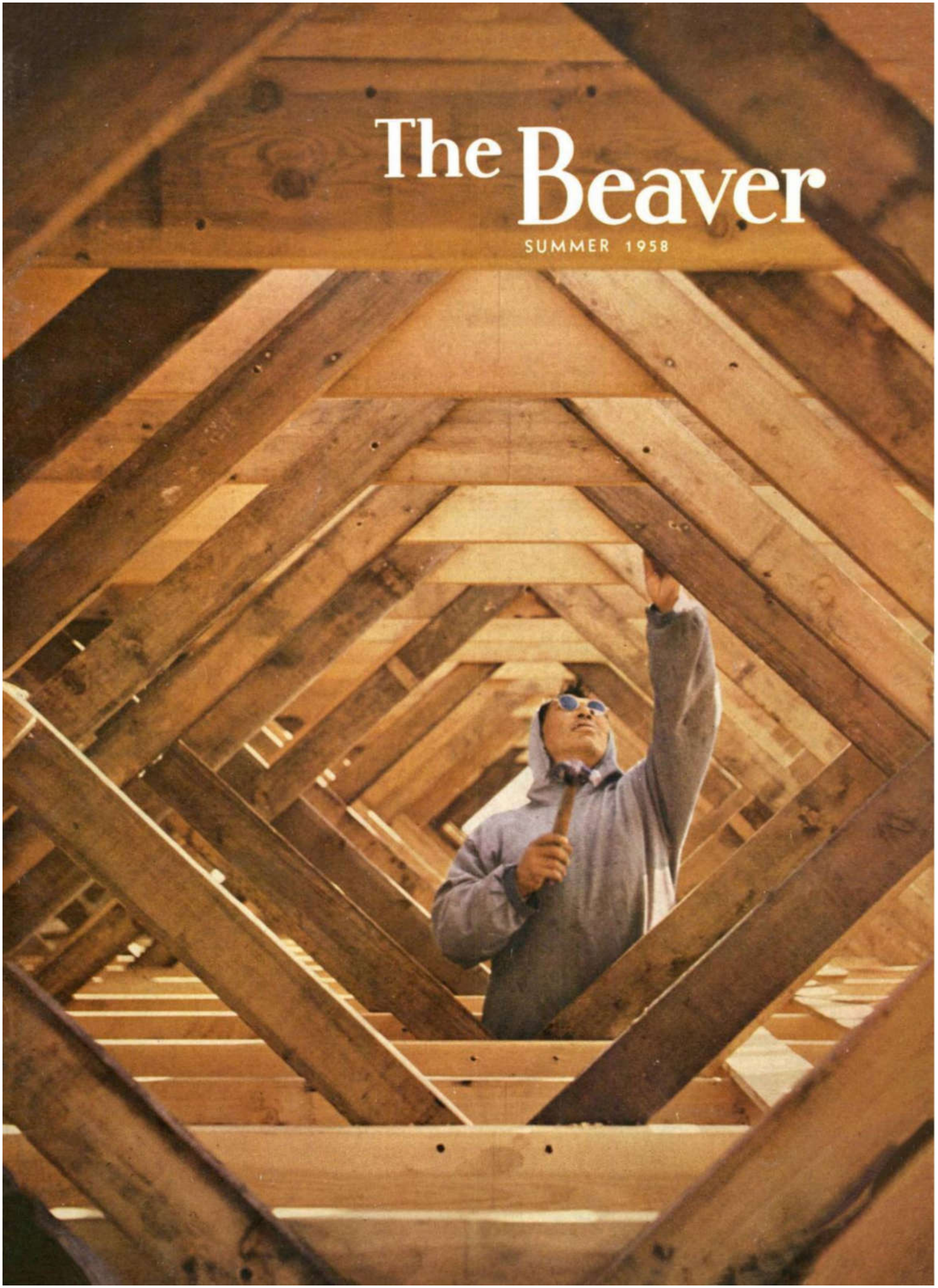
The Beaver

SUMMER 1958



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Contents

WASHINGTON IRVING SLEPT 3
B. A. McKelvie

ON MACKENZIE'S TRAIL 9
F. C. Swannell

THE QUETICO PICTOGRAPHS 15
Selwyn Dewdney

ATLANTIC COWPUNCHERS 23
Mark Ronayne

TRANSITION 27
Rosemary Gilliat

35 OIL FROM THE SANDS
Frances von der Lin

39 ADRIFT
Simon the Artist

47 NED McGOWAN'S WAR
James McCook

53 THE PACKET

54 NORTHERN BOOKS

COVER

The barge-builder, an Eskimo at Tuktoyaktuk
Photograph by Rosemary Gilliat

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WHEN WASHINGTON IRVING SLEPT

The ownership of Vancouver Island was at stake

BY B. A. McKELVIE

VICTORIA, the garden-scented capital of British Columbia, where the pace is leisurely and people take time to live, is located on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. Visitors often ask why Canadian territory extends so far below the 49th parallel that forms the international boundary from Puget Sound to Lake of the Woods at Ontario's western border. The answer to that question discloses one of the strangest stories in the musty catalogue of American diplomatic relations—and one of the least well known.

It has to do with the confused territorial claims that eventuated in the setting of the boundary line between what is now British Columbia and the States of Washington, Idaho, and Montana, by treaty signed June 15, 1846. The real facts, for a century, were hidden under a cover of political propaganda, bluster and ballyhoo. The result was that citizens on both sides of the border were led to believe that President James K. Polk, who had attained to office on a cry of "54-40 or Fight," had achieved a great victory over Great Britain by acquiring Oregon for his country. That bellicose slogan connoted that Polk was prepared to lead his country into war in the cause of United States sovereignty from Mexico to the southern extent of Russian possessions at latitude 54° 40′.

Careful examination of old records reveals the following sidelights on the boundary settlement:

1. The United States at one time—and for more than a quarter of a century—shared with Great Britain an equal interest in Vancouver Island, and forgot about it!

2. Washington Irving, author of *Rip Van Winkle*, went to sleep on his job and contributed to the loss of the Republic's co-partnership of the Island.

3. One man at Washington—John C. Calhoun, the most experienced legislator of his time—knew of the convention that gave the interest to his country, and so informed the Senate, but the administration did not pay attention to him. He was on the other side of the political fence.

B.C. born Bruce McKelvie, journalist and historian of his native province, is the author of many books.

4. Despite Polk's pre-election promise to enforce claim to the entire Coast from Mexico to Alaska, by war if necessary, it was Great Britain that used the threat of hostilities to bring about a final settlement. The treaty as accepted and passed by the U.S. Senate, was written by Lord Aberdeen and was not changed in a single particular.

The struggle for the Pacific Coast started in 1494 when Pope Alexander VI divided the Western Hemisphere, discovered by Columbus, between his two favourite nations, Spain and Portugal. His Holiness decreed that Spain should enjoy the lands washed by the Pacific Ocean. England, among other sovereign powers, did not recognize the right of the Pope to assume such temporal authority.

In the following centuries exploration was slowly advanced along the Pacific seaboard northward from Mexico. In 1778 Captain James Cook put in to Nootka where he stayed for a month. Cook's journals, telling of the wealth of sea otter furs to be traded there from the natives, brought a rush of traders from different maritime nations. Among the first to arrive was John Meares, who made several excursions from China, and then merged his interests with those of other trading firms. They planned to establish a pelt processing factory at Nootka, and for that purpose sent several vessels to the north west coast.

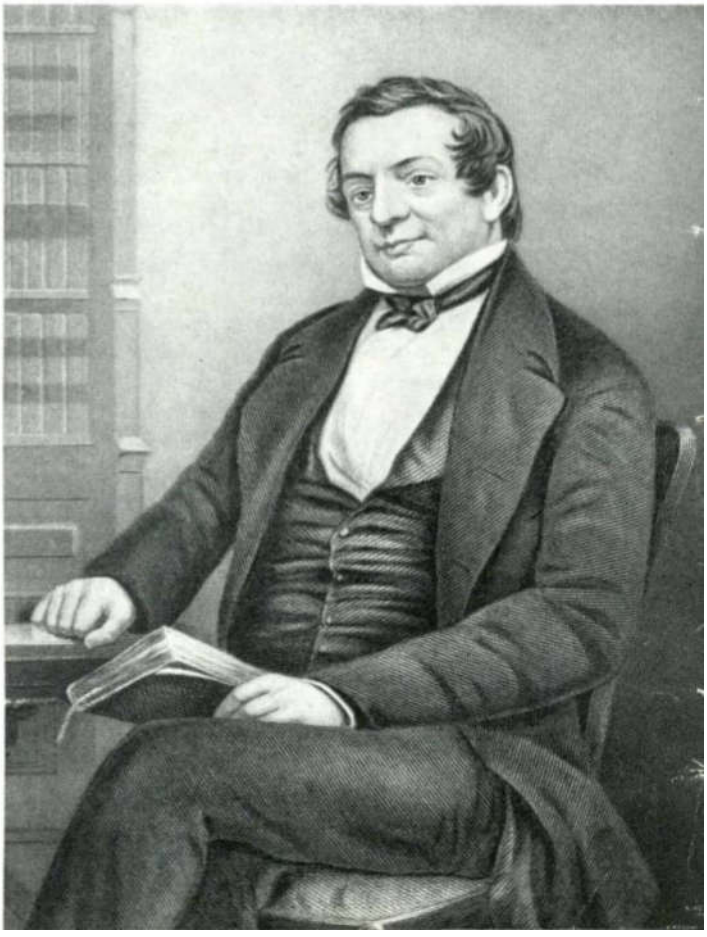
Russia had been entrenched for a number of years in Alaska, and viewed the activities of the British adventurers with a jealous eye. Information was passed by the Czar's henchmen in the north to the Spaniards, that English sailors planned a settlement at Nootka. When the Spanish viceroy in Mexico received this intelligence, he sent Captain José Martínez with a squadron of ships of war to investigate. Martínez seized the British ships he found at Nootka, imprisoned the crews, and sent them to Mexico.

This hostile act almost precipitated a world war. The British government, upon hearing of it, made immediate demand for the release of the imprisoned men, reparations, return of the lands from which they had been dispossessed, and an apology. Spain, confident of assistance from France under the terms of the Family Compact, was arrogant at first. Great Britain prepared for war. Then Madrid, realizing that with the outbreak of the French Revolution she could no longer depend upon France, accepted the British terms. A convention was signed, and Captain George Vancouver was sent to Nootka to meet Captain Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra and implement the provisions of the convention relating to the return of the lands that the fur traders claimed to have purchased from the Indians, and accept the apology at the scene of the insult. The two emissaries could not agree upon the extent of territories to be restored, so they referred the matter back to their respective courts.

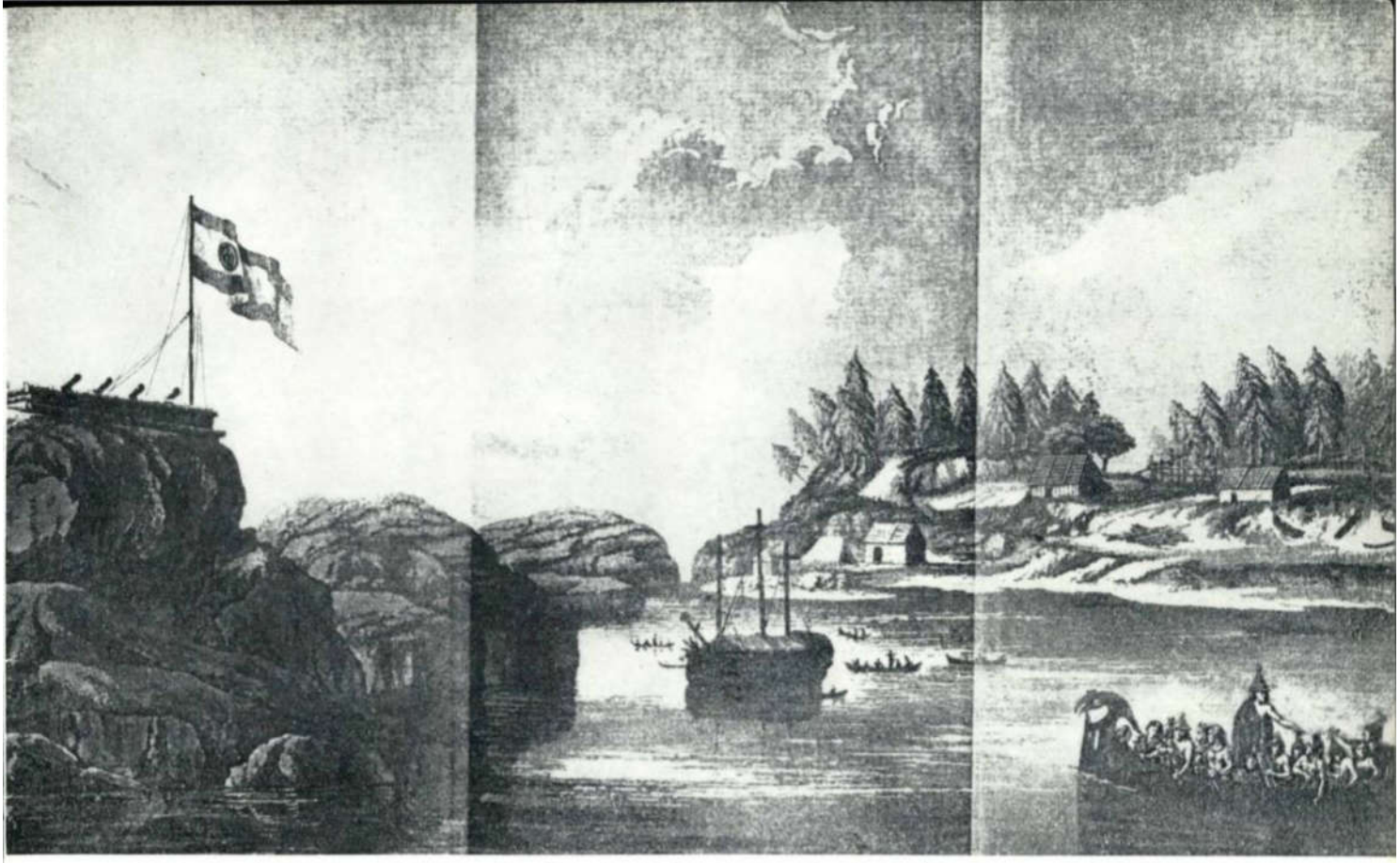
At the time that London and Madrid heard of the disagreement at Nootka, conditions between the countries had changed. They were now allied in opposition to the growing power of revolutionary France. The Nootka Convention of 1790 was replaced by two conventions. One, of 1793, dealt with the amount of damages to be paid to the fur merchants. The other, signed January 11, 1794, provided that in addition to adjusting the monetary claims, *each nation was to share equally in occupation and settlement of the country.* To reduce matters to a basis of equality, it was agreed that both nations would officially withdraw from Nootka, and then went on:

"Their said Majesties have further agreed that it shall be free for the Subjects of both Nations to frequent occasionally the aforesaid Port and to construct there temporary Buildings for their Accomodation during their said occasional Residence: But that Neither the One nor the Other of the Two Parties shall make any permanent Establishment in the said Port, or claim there any Right of Sovereignty or territorial Dominion to the Exclusion of the Other. And Their said Majesties will assist Each Other mutually to maintain to their Subjects free Access to the said Port of Nootka against any other Nation which should attempt to establish there any Sovereignty or Dominion."[1]

Washington Irving as United States minister to Spain in 1843 failed to locate the papers relating to the Nootka Convention of 1794. *Minnesota Historical Society*



1. United States Treaty Series 122, U.S. State Department; edited by Dr. Hunter Miller.



The Spaniards, who were to share Vancouver Island with Great Britain under the Nootka Convention, built a fort at Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound in 1789. Ten guns from their ship were mounted in the garrisoned fort. B.C. Archives

That this agreement of joint occupancy was not confined to the Port of Nootka is evidenced by the language of the British plenipotentiaries endeavouring to settle the boundary line in 1826:

"By that Convention it was agreed that all parts of The North Western Coast of America, not already occupied at that time by either of the contracting Parties, should thenceforward be equally open to the subjects of both, for all purposes of Commerce and settlement:—the Sovereignty remaining in abeyance."[2]

This convention of 1794 was carried into effect when Lieutenant Sir Thomas Pierce, of the Royal Marines, on behalf of Great Britain, and Brigadier Manuel de Alava representing Spain, met on the beach at Nootka on March 23, 1795. They went through the formalities required and from that moment the partnership of Spain and Great Britain was in effect.

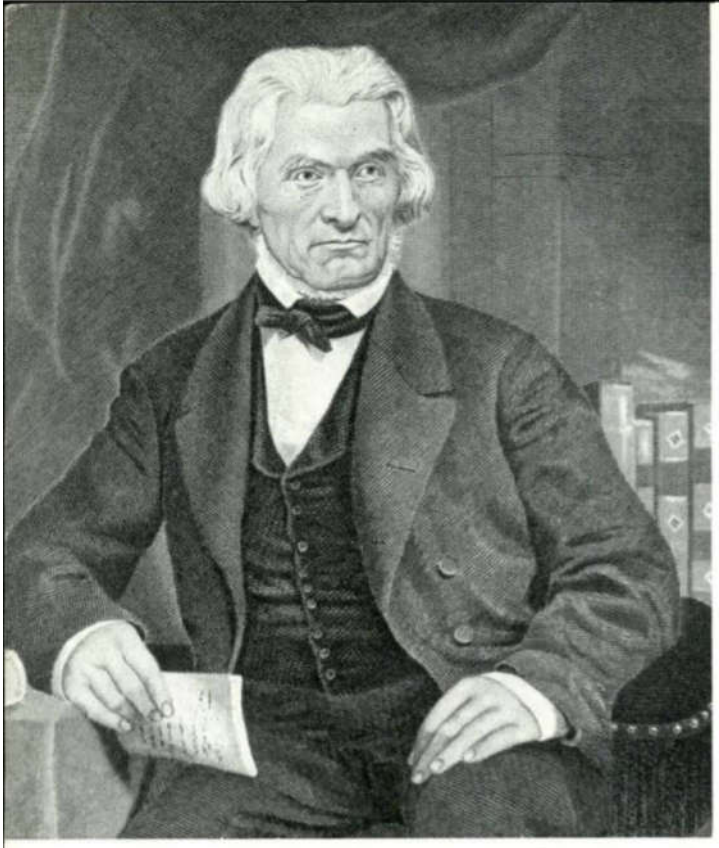
Following the War of 1812-14, when the Treaty of Ghent was being negotiated, it was found impossible to agree upon a definite boundary line, although the sovereignty of the United States over Astoria was recognized. It was finally agreed that the country should be jointly occupied —where not otherwise occupied —for a period of ten years, after which the agreement might be extended for a like term and continue thereafter until denounced by either party on a year's notice. Here was a second joint occupancy agreement made by Great Britain; the first with Spain, and the other with the States.

In 1819, the United States purchased Florida from Spain, whose hold on her American possessions was weakening. Spain no longer cared to attempt to colonize the Pacific littoral to the misty north, so she included in the sale, with Florida, "all rights, claims and pretensions West of the Mississippi River and North of Latitude 42 degrees." By this transaction the United States inherited the partnership with Great Britain which Spain had held since 1794.

In 1841 Commodore Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., led an exploring expedition to examine the coast line from California to the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound. He it was who conceived the idea of laying claim to the whole country from Mexico to latitude 54° 40′ N. Sir George Simpson, the North American Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, writing to London headquarters "for the information of the Foreign Office," from Honolulu, March 10, 1842, told of Wilkes' ambitious plan:

"Commodore Wilkes was by no means communicative on the object of these surveys & examinations, but I collected from a very intelligent & confidential member of the Expedition, that it was the intention of Captain Wilkes to recommend strongly to his Government, to claim the whole of the Terri-

2. Foreign Office 5, Vol. 219; report to Board of Trade, Dec. 1826.



Senator John C. Calhoun was aware of American rights but was disregarded by Polk's administration.
Minnesota Historical Society

tory on the shores of the Northern Pacific, from the Mexican Northern Boundary in Lat. 42° to the Russian Southern Boundary in Lat. 54° 40′.

"Whether the United States Govermt will adopt this modest recommendation, or not, remains to be seen, but the Gentleman connected with the Expedition, before alluded to, is rather more moderate than the Commodore, as he informed me it was *his* intention to recommend that a line drawn through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, till it struck the mainland south of Whidbey's Island, and thence across to the Columbia River, opposite the outlet of the Nez perce or Southern branch, should be accepted, by which means the Country to the Southward of that Line, with the Harbours inside Cape Flattery, Hood's Canal & Puget Sound would belong to the United States; and to such claim he seemed to think Great Britain could not reasonably object."

Immigration to the Pacific slope from the eastern United States started in the late thirties, and it soon became apparent that establishment of a permanent boundary under the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent could not be delayed much longer. The British Government took the initiative in re-opening discussions on the subject in 1842.

What happened on the United States side after that is disclosed in an official publication of the State Department, *Treaty Series 122; the Oregon Treaty*, edited by Dr. Hunter Miller, and published in 1935.

Dr. Miller says:

"On November 30, 1843, Edward Everett, Minister at London, sought the aid of Washington Irving, then Minister at Madrid, in respect of the Oregon question. Everett hoped (vainly, as it proved) to obtain further Nootka papers. He wrote that 'All that was ever published of the Nootka negotiations will be found in the Annual Register for 1790'."

The learned historian produces evidence that Secretary of State James Buchanan was ignorant of the Nootka Convention of 1794 when he was engaged in negotiations with Pakenham, the British Minister at Washington. Continuing, Dr. Miller asserts that details of the conventions of 1793 and 1794

"appeared at Madrid in1843 in *Cantillo, Tratados, convenios y declarationes de paz y commercio*, 646, 653-54; and at page 633 of that volume is a statement regarding the execution of the convention of 1794."

"It seems strange [adds Dr. Miller] that Washington Irving at Madrid missed the work last mentioned, when he was called on by Edward Everett for information regarding the Nootka controversy . . . for, while that work is not strictly an official publication, it was edited by a former official of the Spanish Foreign Office and was dedicated to the Queen of Spain."

Looking at the failure of Irving to carry out his instructions, Dr. Miller comments:

"There would necessarily have been a marked difference in the argument of the Oregon question in 1845 and 1846 on the one side and on the other if this Government had become informed, say in 1844 (from the treaty compilation published at Madrid in 1843, and cited above) of the text of the Nootka Convention of 1794."

There had been earlier proposals that the boundary should be continued along the 49th parallel to the coast, across the Strait of Georgia and so on across Vancouver Island, and if this had been done, the Strait of Juan de Fuca would have been part of the territorial waters of the United States. British sailing ships would then have had to use the almost impossible route north of Vancouver Island and through the swirling tidal race in Seymour Narrows, to get to the Fraser's mouth.

The British government well realized this, and since 1824, when Simpson sent James McMillan to locate the mouth of the Fraser River, British policy had been aimed at holding the whole of Vancouver's Island and the internationalization of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Fort Langley, built by the Hudson's Bay Company on the lower Fraser in 1827 and Fort Victoria on the southern end of the Island in 1843 provided priority of British occupation—strong points of argument in support of holding the seaway open.

Despite Washington Irving's dereliction, Buchanan could have known about the Nootka Convention. For on March 16, 1846, three months before the Oregon Treaty was signed, the entire Senate was informed by John C. Calhoun, who had been Secretary of War when the Florida purchase was made, that the United States had inherited joint occupancy rights from Spain. In his address, as

reported on page 473 of the appendix to the *Congressional Globe*, the senator said:

"But there is another convention which she [Great Britain] claims to be still in existence, and to which we, holding under Spain, are parties with her. I refer to the Nootka Sound convention. It is strictly analogous with that of 1827, though dissimilar in its language. But unlike the latter, it contains no provision for giving notice, and can only be annulled by violation. Under it, we, according to her own showing, have equal rights with herself to joint occupancy and settlement, of which we cannot be deprived on the ground on which she places her rights to the territory, without a breach of faith."

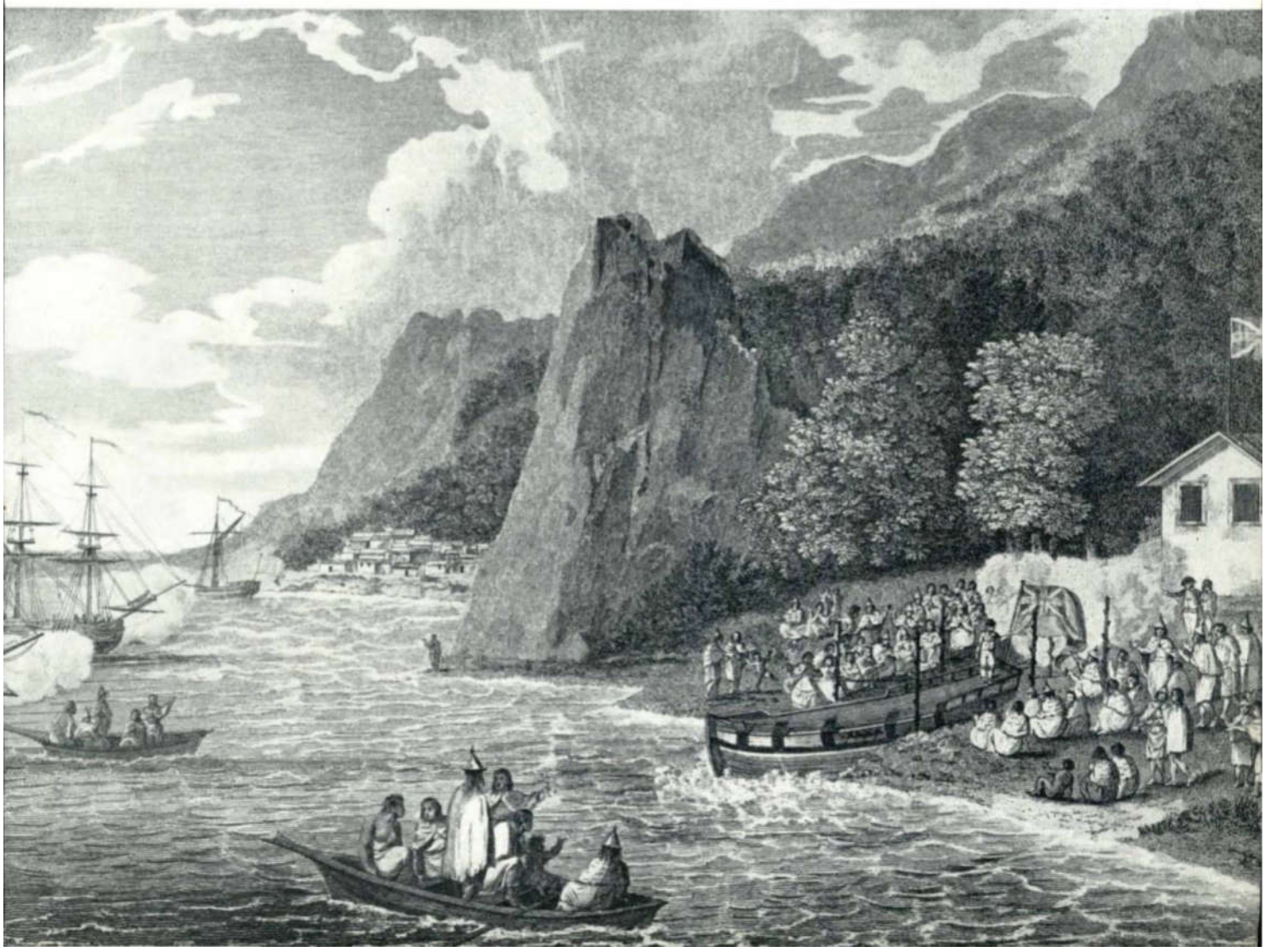
Calhoun knew of what he was speaking, for he had been vice-president when the negotiations had been conducted in 1826-27, and when plenipotentiaries of Great Britain had admitted that Washington had acquired the Spanish rights under the Nootka Convention.

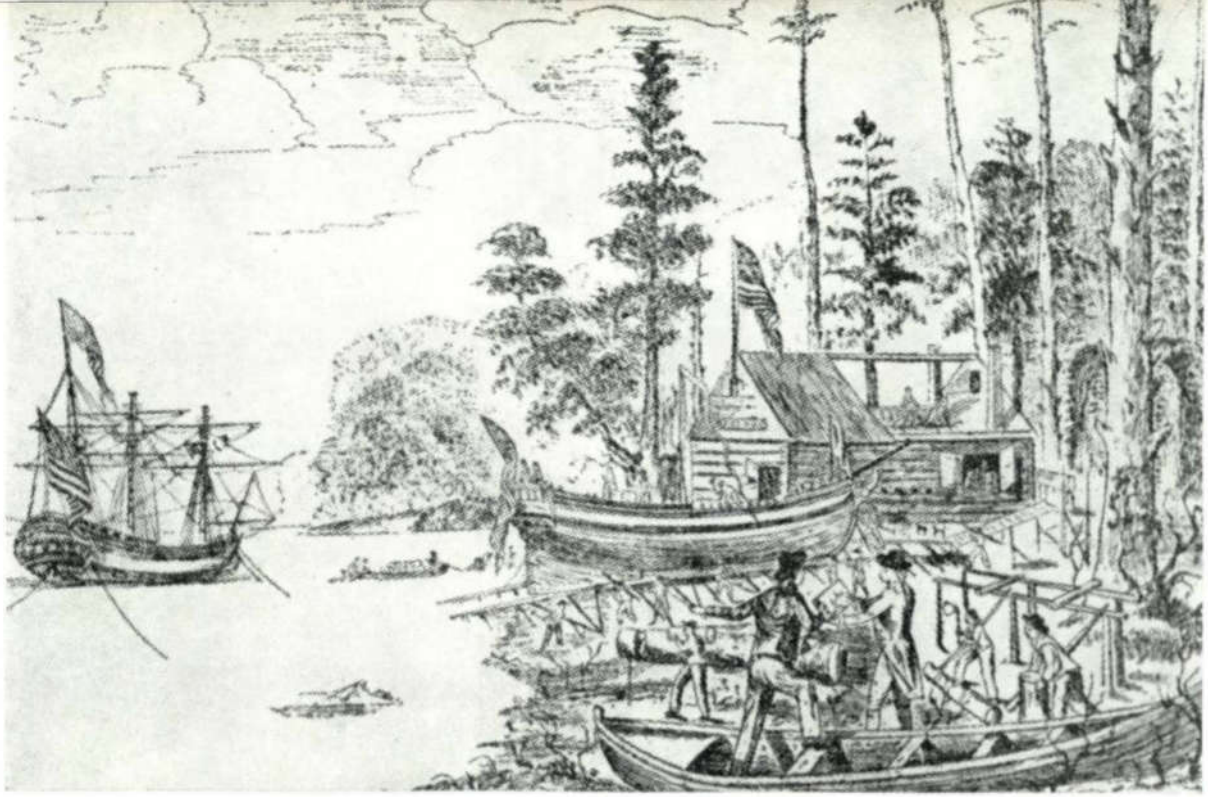
Following the election of the sabre-rattling Polk to the presidency, Calhoun regarded his provocative attitude as sure to lead the country into war with Great Britain, as well as with Mexico. He tried to warn the Senate of these dangers, and advocated compromise. But the Administration took no notice of what he said:

"It would in all probability, prove a Mexican and an Indian war, as well as a war with Great Britain, and as such would extend to every portion of our entire frontier, including the Atlantic and Pacific, the inland and exterior, constituting a circuit of probably not less than seven thousand miles."

How near to such a hostile encirclement of his country President Polk had led his people was indicated in a despatch from London. Louis McLane, the United States Minister, wrote of a talk he had with Lord Aberdeen, the Foreign Secretary, on January 20, 1846:

Among the early British traders was John Meares who in 1788 set up a house and built the schooner "North West America" in Nootka Sound. The picture, from his book, shows the launching, when the vessel "started from the ways like a shot" and nearly left the harbour as they had forgotten to put anchor and cable on board.





Americans were also using the island. Captain Gray wintered at Clayoquot in 1791-2 and while there built the sloop "Adventure." Here he is giving construction orders to Mr. Tendell. B.C. Archives

"He [Lord Aberdeen] remarked further that, although he would not abandon the desire or the hope that an amicable adjustment might yet be effected, and peace preserved, he should nevertheless feel it his duty to withdraw the opposition he had hitherto uniformly made to the adoption of measures, founded upon the contingency of war with the United States, and to offer no obstacle in future to preparations which might be necessary, not only for defence and protection of the Canadas, but for offensive operations. In the course of the conversation, I understood that these would consist, independent of military armaments, of the immediate equipment of thirty sail of the line, besides steamers and other vessels of war: and this information Lord Aberdeen appeared to think, he was called upon to communicate in consequence of assurances he had given me in a former interview."

McLane sent another warning from London on March 3, 1846. The Queen's government was not bluffing:

"If . . . it be their [United States] determination to insist upon the whole; or, in no event, to surrender the Southern point of Vancouver's Island, and, for no length of time to allow the navigation of the Columbia, then, it is my duty to say that in my opinion, an amicable adjustment of the question may be considered as absolutely hopeless; and, that no time should be lost in placing the country in a state of preparation for the crisis, that would immediately follow, and as I believe, not remotely."

Lord Aberdeen determined to make one last effort to avoid a final break when he learned that Polk had temporized to the extent of saying if another offer was made by Great Britain he would ask the advice of the Senate.

The British position had been defined by Aberdeen in a letter to Prime Minister Robert Peel, September 25, 1844:

"I believe that if the line of the 49th degree were extended only to the waters edge, and should leave us possession of all of Vancouver's Island, with the northern side of the entrance of Puget's Sound; and if all the harbours within the Sound, and to the Columbia, inclusive, were made free to both countries; and further, if the river Columbia from the point at which it became navigable to its mouth, were also made free to both, this would be in reality a most advantageous settlement."

Now, in the final offer made to Washington, Aberdeen drafted a treaty which included the main features of the foregoing, with the exception of free ports. It retained to Great Britain the whole of Vancouver's Island; stipulated that British subjects, trading with the Hudson's Bay Company (the only British agency existing in the country) should have the privileges of free navigation of the Columbia River below the 49th parallel, which was to be the border line on the mainland.

President Polk, on the advice of his cabinet, submitted the draft treaty to the Senate. That body immediately recommended its acceptance, and the treaty was signed on June 15, 1846 by Buchanan and Pakenham, without a single change in the terms laid down by Lord Aberdeen.

Thus war was averted, the boundary was established and the whole of Vancouver Island fell to Great Britain. But what would have happened if Washington Irving had not slept on his job, and had found that book? ◆

ON MACKENZIE'S TRAIL

BY F. C. SWANNELL

An idea of the country traversed by Alexander Mackenzie in his exploration to the Pacific is given in this descriptive note from the British Columbia Surveys and Mapping Branch. Mackenzie ascended the Peace and Parsnip Rivers and crossed the divide to the Fraser system. He descended the "great river" to Alexandria then turned back to find a westward route, coming to the stream he named West Road River. Thence Indian guides took him overland on the old trail across the plateau to Dean River.

The terrain through which Mackenzie passed between the Fraser and the coast is essentially one of plateau and mountain. West of the river lies an extensive, tree covered upland, built in past ages by a succession of lava flows into which the major rivers have carved deep valleys. Flanking the plateau to the westward are the Coast Mountains, the summit areas extremely rugged, with great peaks scattered irregularly through them. The low elevations of the deep canyon-like valleys that break the range and the abrupt rise of the mountains above them afford the tremendous relief that is such a notable feature.

Today, as in Mackenzie's time, this land of plateau and mountain is one of sparse population and rugged grandeur. A few semi-nomadic Indians, a handful of white ranchers, and one or two hunting lodge operators comprise the population. But a motor road now connects Bella Coola with the interior, its completion, like Mackenzie's successful journey, the realization of a hard-fought struggle.

THERE was never so wild and lonely a mountain passage as that traversed by Alexander Mackenzie on July 16th and 17th, 1793. Indeed, in all his travels, it was the only time he actually crossed a mountain range, the 6000-foot summit being the highest point of his entire journey to the Western Sea.

The area is bounded on the north by the Dean River, which swings around the Rainbow Mountains to Anahim Lake. Here an old Indian trail heads west to the Hotnarko and Bella Coola Rivers; Mackenzie crossed where the eastward-flung buttress of the Coast Mountains, the Rainbow group, merges into the main Coast Range. It was a short-cut by which his guides took him from Tanya Lake to the Bella Coola, and there was no trail at all over the 35 miles which dipped into the 3,500-foot-deep valley.

The Rainbow, or Tsitsutl, Mountains are aptly named, the Indian name meaning "painted." Their slopes are gentle, terraced with low basaltic cliffs marking the successive lines of lava flow; the rocks are vividly coloured red and yellow, changing hues according to the angle at which the sun strikes. Tsitsutl Peak (8,130′), the highest point, is a volcanic cone. To the west of Mackenzie's route, the main Coast Range rises fold on fold until its main axis, a formless welter of craggy peaks, 30 miles away, is attained. Twenty miles westward towers the huge massif of Mount Tzeetsaytsul (8,800′), ringed with hanging glaciers.

In 1926-27 I triangulated and mapped in this area, and having *Mackenzie's Voyages* with me, was able in the two successive seasons to follow his route with certitude. The famous Dr. Dawson of the Geological Survey in 1876, R. P.

F. C. Swannell, D.L.C., retired B.C. government surveyor spent many years exploring and mapping in the province.

Bishop, British Columbia Land Surveyor, in 1913, and my own son Arthur, in 1952, also went over part of the route. It was Bishop who located the rock on which Mackenzie wrote in vermilion his famous sentence: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

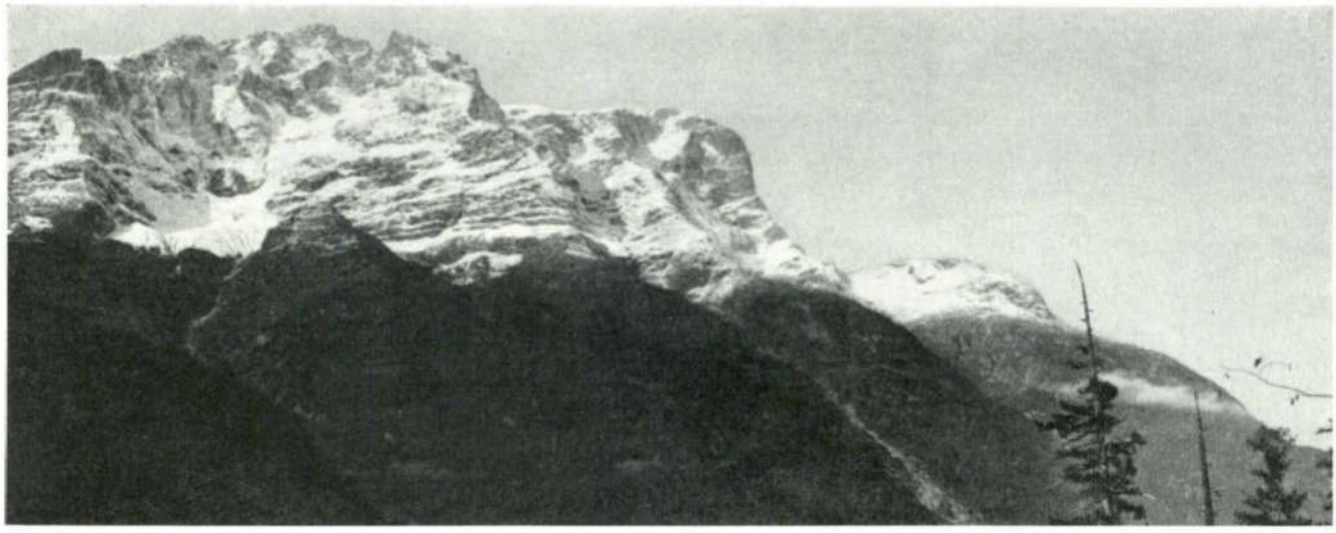
My own diaries, little more than a tersely written log, supply most of my information, and bring back to memory much I had thought forgotten.

June 8th, 1926. We, that is, my assistant M. H. Ramsey, Capt. W. P. Jones, retired British Army officer, and myself, reached Burnt Bridge Creek on the Bella Coola River, and were met by our Chilcotin packers, Leonard Butler, a U.S. sergeant in the Great War; George Powers, Westerner; and Jessie Bob, George's Indian wife, the cook. George had eloped with her, much against the will of her Chilcotin kin, when she was (so I have been told) pretty and graceful as a fawn and George young and susceptible! They brought fourteen horses and Jessie's dog, *Ent-tzoo-tsool.*

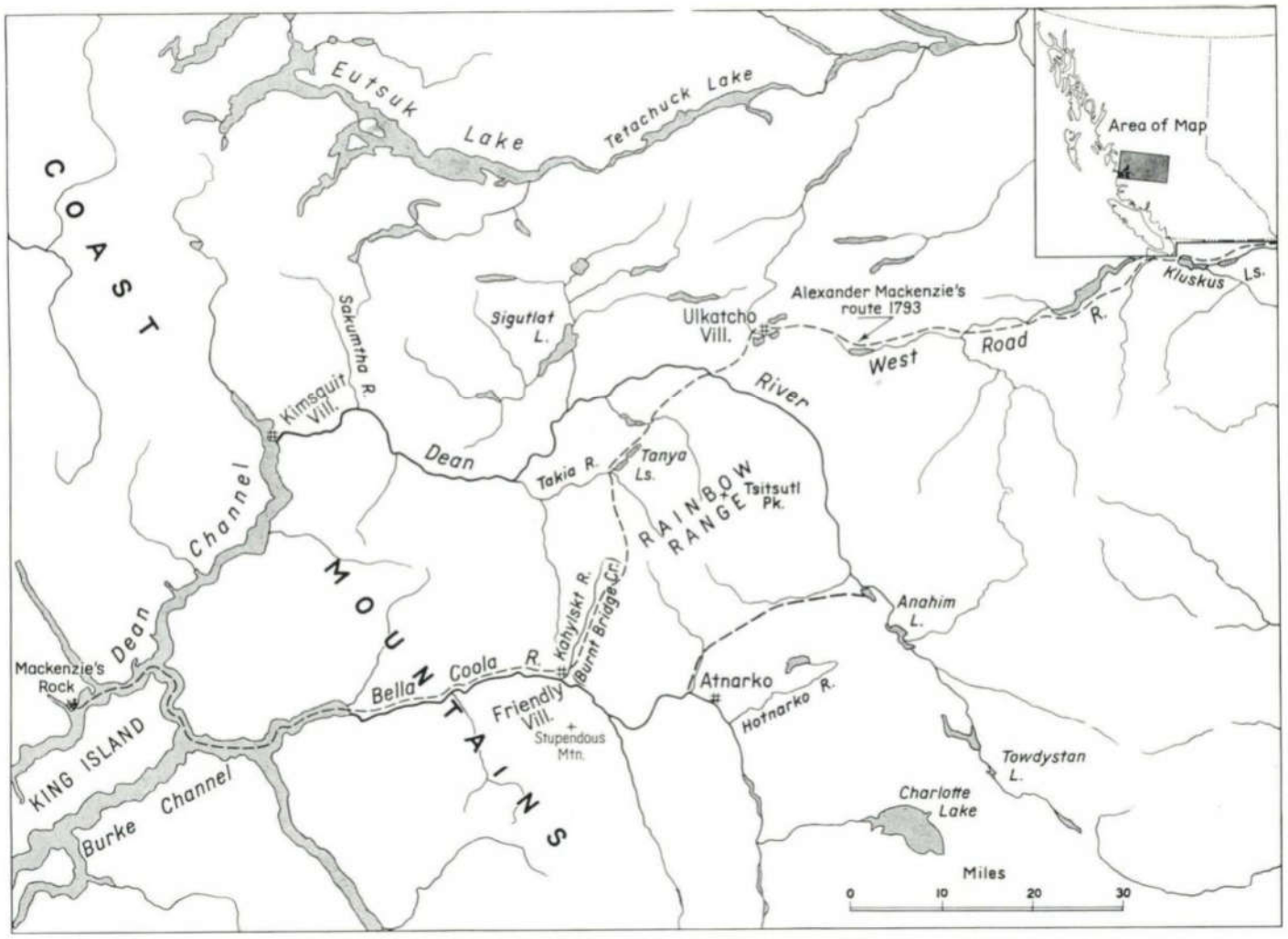
While the packers relayed loads ahead we commenced surveying, and aided by J. W. Hober, a near-by rancher, and John Moody, a very intelligent 66-year-old Bella Coola Indian, found the site of Mackenzie's "Friendly Village." Moody said the inhabitants had been cleaned out by small-pox in the 1860s and the place abandoned. The present channel of Burnt Bridge Creek is 200 yards below a boulder-strewn flood plain; on a dry channel running through this plain was the old village, now a dense jungle of rose-bushes, and some fine gooseberries. In open ground we found circular depressions, and along the ancient, dried-up creek bed were traces of old landings and of trails to water, and very old axe work done with axes whose blades had been set crosswise to the handle like an adze.

Moody also showed us old mortised ground sills and said that in his grandfather's day three "Bostonmen" (Americans) had a trading post here. He neglected to add, what was told me later by Carrier Indians, that the denizens of "Friendly Village" some fifty years after Mackenzie's visit had belied their reputation by murdering the traders and looting and burning the post. As the timbers were charred, the yarn may be true. I have been unable to verify it.

On June 13th we moved up the recently built cut-off trail which, eight miles out, joins the ancient Indian Saghalie trail from Tanya Lake to the Bella Coola. The trail zig-zagged up the mountain side, my packers complaining the switch-backs were so short and abrupt that turn-tables should be installed at each angle. So desperately steep is the grade that in two and a half miles we reached a broken plateau 3,700 feet above the Bella Coola. Far below in the canyon foamed the west fork of Burnt Bridge Creek. The view from here is wonderful, being that which so much impressed the usually matter-of-fact Mackenzie: "Before us," he wrote, "appeared a stupendous mountain whose snow-clad summit was lost in the clouds;



Mackenzie's Stupendous Mountain, from the vicinity of Friendly Village. *All photos by the author.*



Bella Coola area of British Columbia where Swannell followed Mackenzie's trail. Surveys & Mapping Branch, B.C. Dept., Lands and Forests.

between it and our immediate course flowed the river to which we were going . . . as we proceeded the mountains appeared to withdraw from us. The country between them soon opened to our view, which apparently added to their awful elevation."

This "stupendous mountain," the Indian name of which is *Chil-a-thlum-dinki*, towers nearly 8,500 feet above the river and is capped by a small circular snowfield. It is a landmark from the north, being plainly visible from Sigutlat Lake, fifty-one miles away.

At Mile 8, we joined the main Saghalie (high) trail from Ulkatcho to the Bella Coola, which drops to the river, at Canoe Crossing, from 4,500 feet altitude. This Saghalie trail we now followed through to Ulkatcho—Mackenzie left it near Tanya Lake. It is one of the prehistoric trade routes or "grease trails" down which the people of the Interior went to barter with the Coast Indians. On July 15, 1793, Mackenzie joined forces with a band bound for Bella Coola to trade with the Coast Indians.

He wrote of them: "Every man, woman, and child carried a proportionate burden, consisting of beaver coating, and parchment, as well as skins of the otter, the marten, the bear, the lynx, and dressed moose skins. The last they procured from the Rocky Mountain Indians. According to their account the people of the sea coast prefer them to any other article. Several of their relations and friends, they said, were already gone, as well provided as themselves, to barter with the people of the coast; who barter them in their turn, except the dressed leather, with white people who, as they had been informed, arrive there in large canoes."

The Carriers received from the Coast Indians dentalium shells and woven cedar bark, wooden boxes and trays for

Swannell's pack train at Ulkatcho.

holding food, and goat's wool blankets. But above all they craved the foul-smelling oolakan grease (extracted from the decaying oolakan or candle fish), a much prized delicacy, which they brought back in cedar boxes. From this traffic in oolakan grease the trails get their name and as far inland as François Lake I have found some of the coast-made cedar boxes, still redolent of the grease.*

We continued northward through rough, broken semi-alpine country, largely burnt over, the general altitude being about 4,000 feet. Three of us traversed trail and triangulated. As we were the first over the trail this summer—indeed the snow was still lying in draggled drifts—it

Jessie's dog Ent-Tzoo-Tsool supervises Powers and Butler loading the pack-horse.

was in wretched shape. The packers worked like Trojans, chopping through fallen timber, corduroying the worst mudholes; where the trail was hopelessly impassable, locating and cutting out a new one. We impartially cursed the bad weather and the flies which became increasingly annoying.

The country was destitute of game. Once the packers reported fresh grizzly tracks ahead on the trail—a big one "wearing moccasins size twelve" as George said. We never saw him or other big game. Wherever we camped near water, Jessie built a raft and fished diligently, but the trout were exceedingly small. She once caught 150, of which we consumed 80 in one meal. It was a welcome change from bacon and ham.

*See "On the Trail of the Candle Fish," March 1953, *Beaver*.

On June 23rd a whole mob of Ulkatcho Indians passed with sixty horses. Among them were old friends, hawk-featured old Cahoose, Domas Squinas and Captain Harry. They were highly delighted that we had a passable trail cut out ahead for them; but warned us of bad trail in front of us. "Jes' you come dat place you cly"—with rage, presumably! From Mile 15 to Mile 26 the trail was indeed execrable.

John Moody, Bella Coola Indian, and his family with M. H. Ramsey at the site of Friendly Village.

The old "moccasin trails" of Mackenzie's day were in much better condition than the horse trails that have superseded them. The coastward-bound Carriers of 1793 and those Dr. Dawson met in 1876 were heavily loaded with trade goods, and the squaws had cleared out all fallen timber. After the Carriers and Chilcotins acquired horses, the country was repeatedly burnt over. Every winter storm brings down more standing dead timber, and no Indian will bother chopping out obstructions he can drag or jump a cayuse over.

As our trail, though a very old one, was evidently westward of Mackenzie's cut-off, and separated from it by a high mountain (7,042') with a long spur northward, we asked Captain Harry about the way. He said our next move would bring us to large meadows two miles south of Tanya Lake. Here, as a lad, he had been with his father down a very old, disused trail running due south from the meadows.

A long hard move of 11 miles with a late start—the horses having "hit back" in the night many miles—brought us to this place. We started making camp at 7 p.m. Next day after a long search, cross-sectioning the woods along the southerly rim of the meadows, we finally found the ancient foot trail. There was no cutting nor blazing along it; it only showed as an indentation in deep moss, under which, however, lay a deep hard trail. This is the trail down which Mackenzie went on July 16, 1793.

From these meadows to Ulkatcho, our route was that of Mackenzie. At the lower end of Tanyabunkat was an old fishing station, where a trail, long disused, forked off to the west to Salmon House on the Dean River. At this old camping site, on July 16, 1793, Mackenzie wrote:

"I was now informed that some people of another tribe were sent for, who wished very much to see us, two of whom would accompany us over the mountains; that, as for themselves, they had changed their mind, and intended to follow a small river which issued out of the lake, and went in a direction very different from the line of our journey" (down the Takia River to the Dean).

Ulkatcho Village in 1926. Mackenzie described a house here in July 1793.

From here eastward we were on the main "road," as Mackenzie would call it, between the Fraser and the sea. To emphasize how much it was travelled in days when there were at least seven times as many Indians as now, I quote Dr. Dawson under date of July 7, 1876, describing how he met some sixty Indians on the march. "Every man, woman and child, and even some dogs, with packs of appropriate size. All appear to be in good spirits and on their way to their annual holiday making." A gap of 83 years, yet this almost duplicates Mackenzie's account of meeting a similar band, on July 15, 1793! We ourselves, 133 years after Mackenzie, met a similar although smaller band bound for Bella Coola. These would be Indians from about 2,500 square miles of country extending as far east as the Kluskus Lakes. One wonders for how many years, perhaps hundreds, this annual trek has been made.

Ulkatcho in 1926 counted some score of tumble down cabins. Mackenzie reached it on July 14, 1793, his description of the spot identifying it beyond doubt. He described a house: "The timber was squared on two sides, and the bark taken off the two others; the ridge pole . . . extending about 8 or 10 feet beyond the gable-end and supporting a shed over the door: the end of it was carved into the similitude of a snake's head. Several hieroglyphics and figures of a similar workmanship, and painted with red earth, decorated the interior of the building." All this suggests the Coast Indian influence.

Watut Lake after the September blizzard.

Palmer's Camp 8 blaze was cut from this cottonwood and given to the B.C. Archives.

Dawson writes: "At Gatcho Lake is another Indian house, and some graves, the best built of any I have seen in the Interior . . . I have little doubt this is the house mentioned by Mackenzie."

We went down to the outlet of Ulkatcho Lake and found an old weir and fish-trap. It was probably the exact place and same type of trap Mackenzie described 133 years before: "We . . . came to a kind of bank, or weir, formed by the natives, for the purpose of placing their fishing machines, many of which, of different sizes, were lying on the side of the river."

On July 4th we struck north from Ulkatcho and were not back again until October 18. We had many adventures but as this country is all north of Mackenzie's route, I shall summarize. We found and utilized two more of the old grease trails unused for at least 50 years. They joined on the Sakumtha fork of the Dean, and eventually came out at Kimsquit, on the Dean Channel. The oldest blaze was made 61 years ago, there was datable axe work 83 years old, and some much older, done with adze-shafted axes.

Much of the time we were split into two parties. When we met again on September 14th Ramsey's log read: "Swannell & Powers cum Jessie rejoined the community and were received with the customary celebration and firing of salutes, and what Mackenzie would call a *régale*."

September 15th we had six inches of new snow and on the 21st a howling blizzard. We had no large tent with a stove, the cook-stove being under a large canvas fly, and our individual mosquito tents protected only by pack-covers. It was impossible to keep warm by open fires, or even to keep them burning. Ten inches of snow fell, and next day, three of the party got frost-bitten feet.

Diary extracts tell the rest of the story. "Camp 49 Sigutlat Lake. Inventory taken of supplies and find we will soon be short on sugar, bacon and baking powder. Eat the last of our Caribou meat. 'O-B-Joyful' [H.B.Co. rum] one bottle only."

"Oct. 14th. Up long before daylight, but pack train does not get away until 10 a.m., 11 horses loaded. Arrive Kwalcho Lake 4 p.m. everybody and everything drenched. Rain all day, at night turning into a gale from the N.E. with squalls of sleet. Move 13 miles. 6 a.m. 40°; 6 p.m. 38°. Weather: execrable."

"Oct. 15th. Rain all day except two hrs. Tonight a perfect downpour. Ramsey and I cruising along the old C.P.R. location line and trail. Some of the stumps still standing and even grade-stakes with the figures in red keel still legible. Down the lake [Kwalcho] find a camp-site, with the inscription: 'C.P.R.S. 'Y' Camp No. 7 July 24th 1876. Moved camp July 27th.' At the camp-site, some tent pegs still in place, the charred logs against which the cook had built his fire, and even four stakes on which the draughtsman had set his drawing-board. Remainder of party in camp rustling wood and endeavouring to dry things out."

On October 18th we reached Ulkatcho, and went down the old winter trail to Towdystan, and finally, by the Atnarko or Palmer trail, to Bella Coola.

"October 28th, reach Wilkerson's above Canoe Crossing Bridge. Here we are shown a large cottonwood with the inscription, 'Palmer, Camp 8'. We cut out the slab and presented it to the B.C. Archives."

In 1862 Lieut. H. Spencer Palmer made a reconnaisance from Bella Coola to Alexandria to find a practical route to the Cariboo goldfields. At Camp 8 he and his sappers were nearly murdered by Bella Coola Indians. He subsequently had a brilliant career as astronomer and engineer all over the world, retiring from the Royal Engineers in 1889 with the rank of major-general.

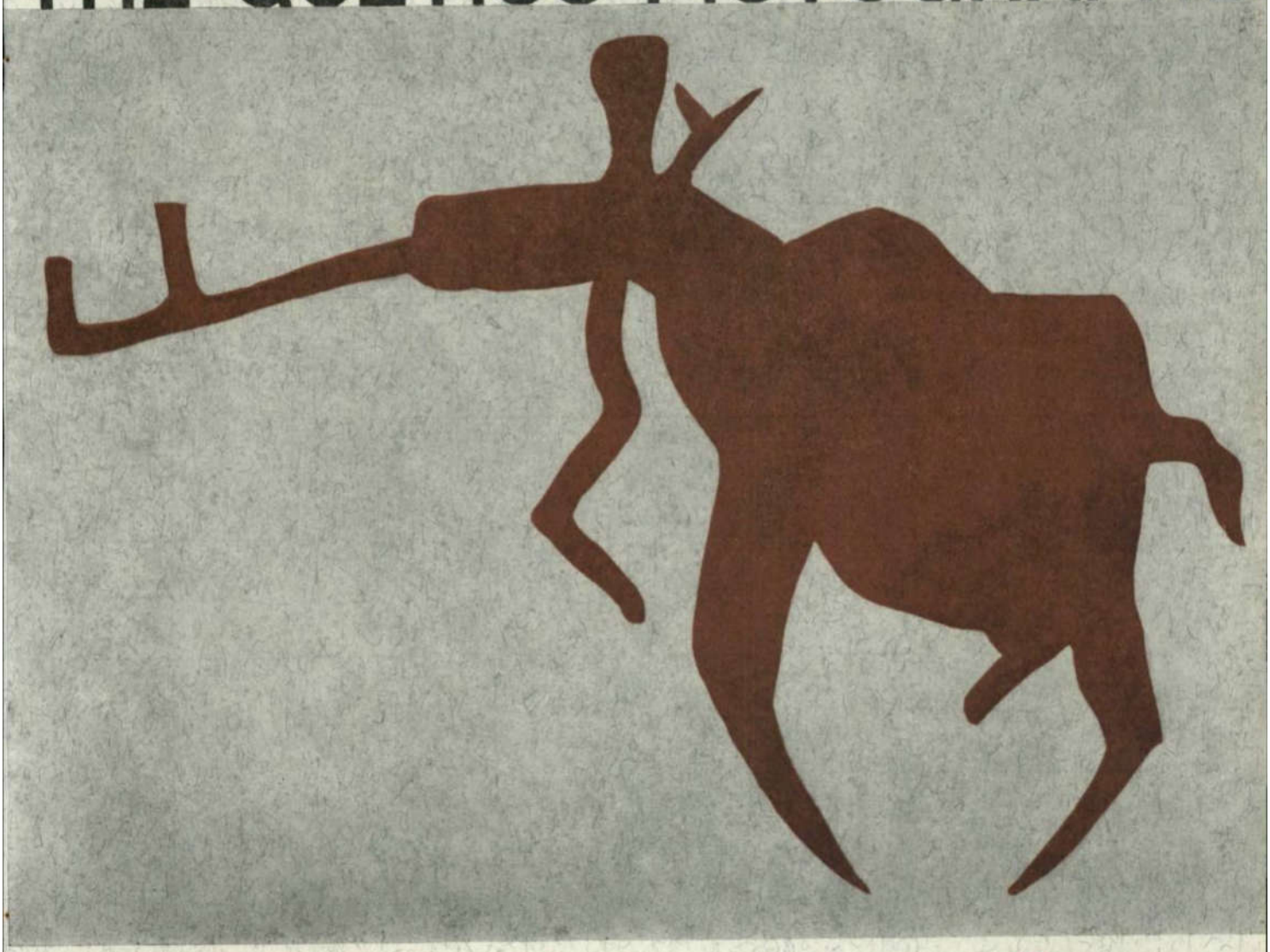
So ended our season's survey. Mackenzie, who reached the sea on July 20th, spent only a few days on the coast. On the 22nd he succeeded in making his mathematical observations, writing: "I had now determined my situation, which is the most fortunate circumstance of my long, painful, and perilous journey, as a few cloudy days would have prevented me from ascertaining the final longitude of it."

Our return was simple: Mackenzie was faced with many problems, but he reached Forks Fort on the Peace River, just above the confluence of the Smoky, from which he had set out in May, on August 24, 1793, satisfied with "the reward of my labours, for they were crowned with success."

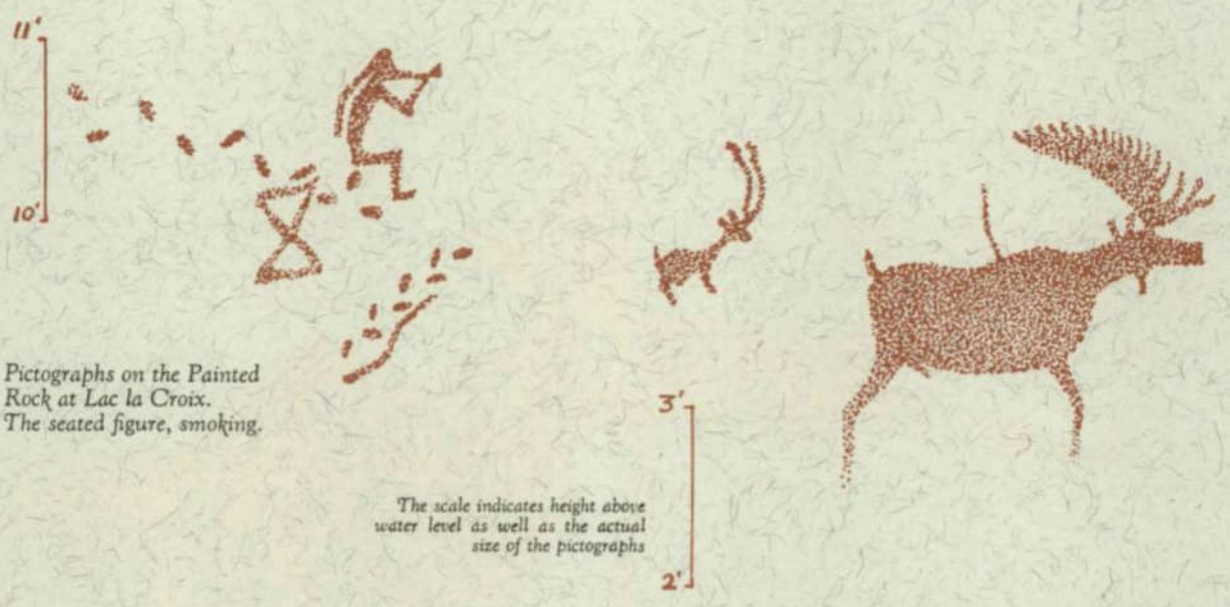
BY SELWYN DEWDNEY

An artist from London, Ontario, Mr. Dewdney is particularly interested in Indian history and for some years has been recording pictographs at various sites.

THE QUETICO PICTOGRAPHS



The realistic bull moose with spear in its shoulder, and the "cute" antelope.



Pictographs on the Painted Rock at Lac la Croix. The seated figure, smoking.

The scale indicates height above water level as well as the actual size of the pictographs

ON Neguagon Reserve, Lac la Croix, one evening last summer, Chief Gilbert Ashawe was leafing through my field notes. Yes, he had seen cliff paintings in Quetico Park. No, he did not know who painted them, or when. To my surprise he made a small drawing in my book of a seated figure, smoking. He chuckled. Had I seen this one?

No, I hadn't. We had just arrived, from Ranger Tom Anderson's station a few miles up the lake. The pictograph site that Chief Ashawe had in mind was another mile beyond, and we would not see it until morning.

Two hours earlier we had taken advantage of the Lands and Forests "grub run" piloted by Al Stewart, to fly across the unique Ontario canoe wilderness of Quetico Provincial Park from our base camp at French Lake, the park's newly established Canadian entry point. Two weeks before, my wife and I and three sons had arrived at French Lake from London, Ontario, by road. Since then my older son Kee and I had paddled the breadth of the park hunting down clusters of reported pictograph sites; locating, photographing, measuring and sketching every rock painting or suspicion of one on each of the four sites we located. Tomorrow younger son Peter and I would start work on Site No. 5, the widely known "Painted Rock" of Lac la Croix, familiar landmark to a thousand voyageurs on the old Grand Portage route to the West, where we would find the original of Ashawe's little pipe-smoker.

How did we come to be pictograph hunting in Quetico?

On my side it began with the pictographs I sketched on Lake Missinaibi northeast of Lake Superior fourteen years ago. On the museum's side it started with the visit to the Lac la Croix site in 1955 of Kenneth Kidd, curator of ethnology at the Royal Ontario Museum. With the Quetico Foundation it was a logical sequel to two prior projects: one to look into the Indian background of the park area, the other to make a survey of its geological features. For the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests it was a welcome addition to its broad program of encouraging all kinds of research that would enrich the wilderness value of its parks. So here was our expedition: launched by the Royal Ontario Museum, equipped and expedited by the Department of Lands and Forests, and financed by the Quetico Foundation.

During July and August of 1957 we made five field trips in the park area to visit eleven pictograph sites: all of them lake-shore cliffs. Between field trips I toiled over the drawing board, reproducing our pictograph trophies

Twenty square feet of sheer rock face are plastered with hand prints.

The "Eccentric Moose," which appears to be smoking a pipe.

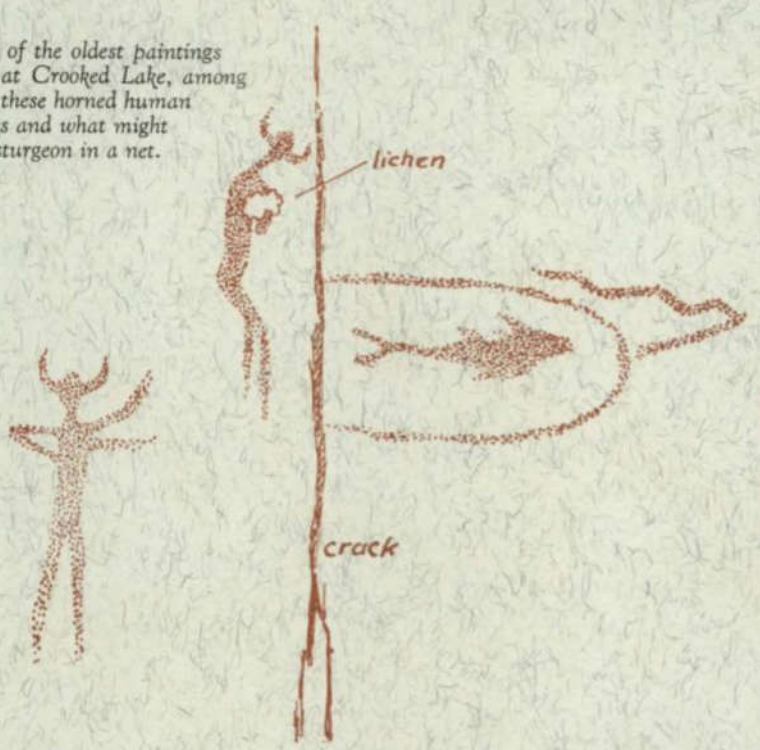
This and the drawings below are from the Crooked Lake—Basswood River site.

in water colours to actual size. All but a few were small enough to go on an 8"x 10" sheet; the colours variations of reddish-brown. At the base camp through the summer my wife became the outstanding beachcomber west of the Lakehead, turning up—with some help from six-year-old Christopher—unsuspected quantities of sherds, arrowheads and other artifacts from the beach at French Lake. This beach was once the west end of the French Portage, "generally acknowledged," according to Sir George Simpson in 1842, "to be the worst in this part of the country." We interviewed anyone and everyone, collecting reports of pictograph and other sites, noting the location of amateur collections and recording any fragments of information concerning Indian lore that came our way.

We returned east in the fall with bulging note books and sample bags, a portfolio stuffed with water colour drawings, and numerous photographs, the drawings and photographs to be deposited with the Royal Ontario Museum. The season over, I tentatively concluded that

The heron-like bird at Crooked Lake.

Some of the oldest paintings were at Crooked Lake, among them these horned human figures and what might be a sturgeon in a net.



the Quetico pictographs were finger-painted on lichen-free cliff faces by Indians, working from their canoes, using an iron oxide pigment in a fish oil binder, over a period of three or four centuries.

Of the eleven sites that we found two are outstanding. Both happen to be on the historic Grand Portage route of the fur days; one on either side of the present international boundary.

Halfway round Irving Island and facing due west is the Painted Rock of Lac la Croix. This great mass of granite, 250 feet along the base, and rising in three great fifty-foot steps above the water, displays the largest collection of pictographs so far recorded on any site in Canada. Dipping into my diary I find this brief summary of our first morning at the big rock.

"Finished coffee, then over to site in kicker, towing canoe. Got a rope tied along the cliff with some difficulty. Strong south wind, very choppy. Peter worked like a horse keeping the canoe where I wanted it. He had quite a time."

The latter is an understatement. We had tied a rope along the water line, attached to the cliff at intervals, and when we wanted to go upwind all Peter had to do was pull on the line, or pay it out to go down-wind. This was easy with two hands. Unfortunately he also needed two hands for his paddle to keep the canoe close to the cliff while I measured it and chalked off a grid, and at the same time keep it off the rocks as we rose and fell with the passing waves. Some of the pictographs were ten feet above the water, and I had to stand balanced on the thwart while I drew them. The waves splashing on the cliff (and my drawing kit), the wind coming in rugged gusts, Peter and I yelling at each other as we manipulated paddle, rope, steel tape measure, squared paper, pencil, chalk, and water colours, added up to a memorable day.

What did we find?

At the north end we found Gilbert Ashawe's little smoking man, with a long pigtail that Gilbert had forgotten to add. Tracks joining it with an hour-glass figure made a mystifying combination. Not far along from this,

The provocative collection of symbols at Lac la Croix designated "the Warrior Group."

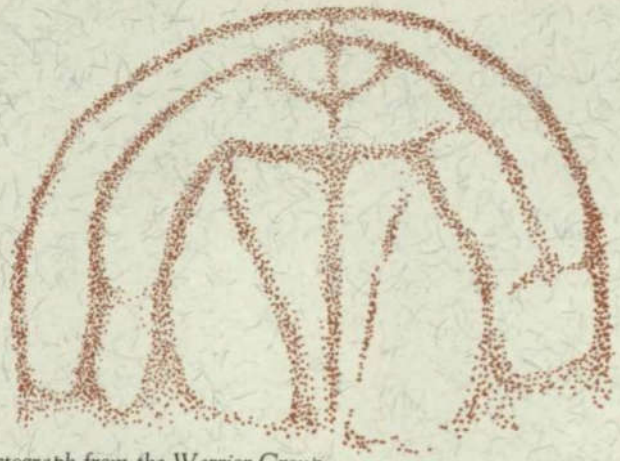
The inscription pecked in the rock and another smoker at the Lac la Croix site.

two rock faces at right angles to each other revealed three moose, so sensitively yet realistically painted that we were reminded of the famous Altamira cave paintings in Spain. The realism of the spear protruding from the one bull's shoulder, and the vivid sense of motion conveyed by all three, together with the accuracy of proportion and detail, made these unique among all that we saw last summer. The majority of individual pictographs are abstract, or are drawn with an obvious disregard for what we should call the "artistic effect." One gets the general impression that the artist was solely interested in the purpose of the painting and took no pleasure in the painting itself.

Why were these moose painted? Bill Derby, one of the first Rangers to be employed in Quetico Park after its foundation in 1909, states that he understood from the Indians that moose had first appeared in that area only twenty-five years previously. Possibly the Indian had painted moose on the cliffs to conjure up moose in the bush. But why, then, should there have been painted, a little to the left and above the big bull moose, a "cute" —there is no other word for it—little antelope-ish creature, with one horn emerging from its forehead, then dividing into two?

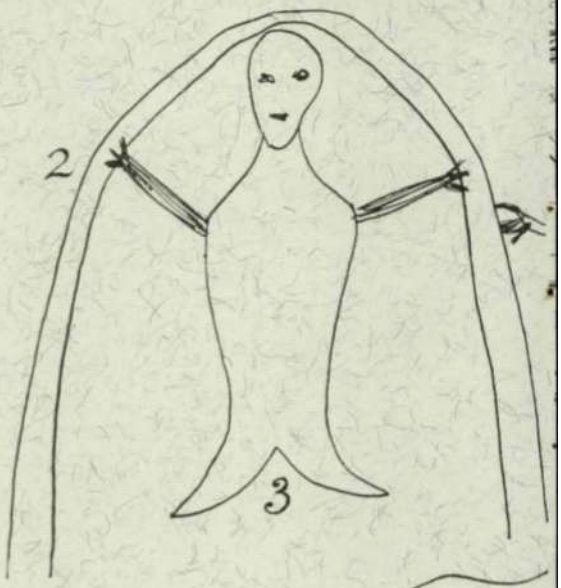
Wide variations in style from naturalistic to fantastic, or from literal to abstract, are typical of most pictograph groups. A good example is the hour-glass figure, a sort of triangular figure-of-eight, beside our little pipe-smoker. In the 1830s and '40s, Henry Schoolcraft, the American Indian agent at Sault Ste. Marie, married to an Ojibwa woman, made a study of the pictographic symbols inscribed on birch bark for various magical purposes. An inventory of symbols, with their interpretations, appears in his published works, and includes this hour-glass figure, identified as "a headless man." Does this same symbol, appearing on a cliff eight hundred miles west of the Sault, have the same meaning?

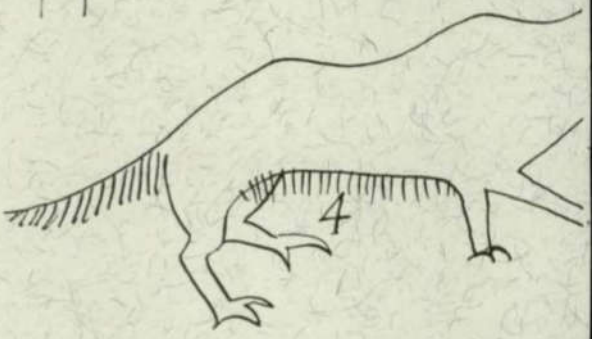
We resist the temptation to pause in front of the "Warrior Group"—a most provocative collection of symbols—skipping, too, the mysterious inscription, pecked white



Pictograph from the Warrior Group at Lac la Croix. The outer form suggests a round-topped Ojibwa wigwam.

Accumulated records may shed light on the meaning of individual symbols.

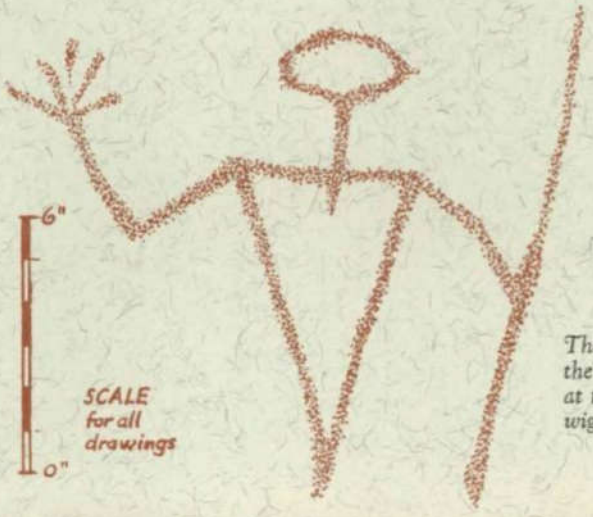




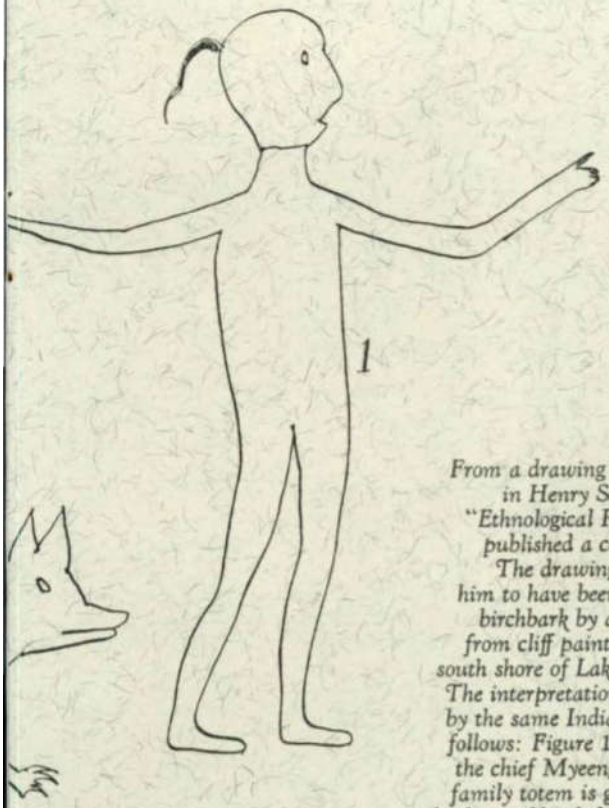
A small group from the Crooked Lake site. A possible pine tree beside another wigwam, again with puzzling interior forms.

One of a number of abstract bird forms appearing on two sites at Williams Lake which seem to have an affinity to the form in the wigwam above. This suggests that the top wigwam might contain a figure of some kind.

on the hard granite, "L.R. 1781," to arrive at a group that shouts its own interpretation at the viewers. Twenty square feet of rock on a sheer face are plastered with as many hand prints. These prints (some very faint) surround an obscure little fox which has the thumb print of an adjacent hand where its tail ought to be. Below, the pigment is liberally smeared over the surface of the rock. This might have been the record of a war party, expressing the wish to smear the blood of their enemies over the ground, or boasting of having done so. The fox? Perhaps the chief's signature, perhaps the clan totem, perhaps the lucky animal denoted in the dream that sparked the expedition.



The "warrior" that appears in the same group as the pictograph at top. Interior details of the wigwam suggest this kind of figure.



From a drawing reproduced in Henry Schoolcraft's "Ethnological Researches" published a century ago. The drawing is said by him to have been copied on birchbark by an Ojibwa, from cliff paintings on the south shore of Lake Superior. The interpretation, provided by the same Indian, runs as follows: Figure 1 represents the chief Myeengun, whose family totem is given under the form of his lodge (2). This lodge is . . . ancestral. The totem Nebanabee, or the Merman (3), fills it. His individual name is given by figure 4, the wolf.

The fact that no traveller along the old Grand Portage route, has, to our knowledge, made any note of the pictographs at Lac la Croix, may simply be due to the fact that he had already passed, and noted, the almost equally impressive site on the east shore of the southeast end of Crooked Lake, at a point where it is difficult to say where the lake begins and where lower Basswood River ends. Here the channel is scarcely two hundred yards wide, completely dominated by the massive granite cliffs averaging 100 feet in height along 500 feet of shoreline.

On these cliffs, from the mid-eighteenth to the early nineteenth century, many travellers including Sir Alexander Mackenzie and "Mr. Astronomer Thompson" noted Sioux arrows stuck in a crack twenty or thirty feet above the water. We peered up at a dozen suggestive cracks when we visited this site, and scanned the bottom through the clear water, hoping to spot an arrowhead or two. But the strikingly individual pictographs soon monopolized our attention, each suggesting its own title: "Eccentric Moose," "Shattered Windigo," "Family Excursion," "The Champ," and so on. The Eccentric Moose was perhaps the most intriguing of all. Unmistakably a moose, and yet the antlers made no sense. Either he had two antlers that were quite unlike each other and no ears, or a most peculiar ear beside a deer-type antler. His bell not only hung to his knee but rippled like a beard. And, most startling of all, a double-bowled pipe emerged from his mouth in the most deliberate way. Three body-lengths to the rear (he was facing left) was a second bull, with ears, without antlers, and sporting a very modest bell. Almost to heel was a bird with a pelican's or heron's beak and a loon's feet. On an adjacent face to the left of this group appeared an unmistakable heron or crane, beside a disc-shape—perhaps the sun: the whole as beautifully designed and simplified as an Egyptian wall-painting of the same subject.

At the south end of the cliff a great bulk of granite overhung a small shelf that sloped into the water at right angles to it. On this shelf appeared some of the oldest paintings we found anywhere. Apart from the peculiar abstracted gnome-like figure, partially obscured by the severe flaking of the granite, there were what looked like a sturgeon in a net, and two unmistakable horned human figures, one apparently armless, the other appearing to have one arm too many.

Here again we are up against the widest variety of style and subject matter, along with another kind of variation. On most sites the artist pays no attention to the background he paints on. On one Agnes Lake site, for instance, the background consists of strongly contrasting bands of gneissic rock against which the painting can scarcely be seen. In three other cases, drawings run across cracks or other flaws that could easily have been avoided. Here, however, the "net" that surrounds the sturgeon appears to emerge from, and disappear into, a deep vertical crevice in a very deliberate way.

So far we have learnt of no one who has seen or heard of a cliff pictograph being painted. Some Indians have said that the paintings on a given site were known to have appeared suddenly after a certain event, presumably by divine agency. All are positive that no painting was done within the memory of any living person. But this is not conclusive. It is possible that secrecy is essential to the purpose of these paintings: that some are being

painted even today; and those who know, don't talk. Some samples of pigment are so strong—even fresh-looking—that it is difficult to believe they were applied to the rock so long ago that no living person has any knowledge of their origin.

The Quetico area is believed to have been in Sioux hands in the seventeenth century, in dispute during the eighteenth, and Ojibwa territory ever since. Till we can date these pictographs we will not know whether they were the work of Sioux, or Ojibwa, or both. If we have correctly interpreted two drawings found this summer one represents a muzzle-loading gun; the other a trade steel with an arrowhead flint. The inscription "L.R. 1781" pecked into the rock on the Lac la Croix site was partially coloured in what seems to have been the identical pigment that was used to paint the little smoker referred to. All these are clues, but no more than that. The time involved is too short for carbon dating to be useful. Few references to cliff paintings appear in the wealth of literature that exists on pictographs in North America. Of the few, two are important: one relating to a site on the south shore of Lake Superior which was illustrated from memory by an Ojibwa chief and reproduced in Schoolcraft; the other recorded by David Boyle in 1895 and known to him twenty years earlier—a large site at Bon Echo, north of Kingston. The latter is well known; the former yet to be rediscovered. These give us minimum dates but little more. A promising means of dating more accurately is the study being made by Professor Beschel of Mount Allison University of the growth rates of lichen, though of the nearly one hundred individual symbols we recorded, only six show any amount of lichen growth.

Any way we look at it the first step towards learning what these pictographs can tell us is the recording of as many sites as possible. This is all the more urgent in view of changing water levels incidental to industrial growth. But it is no small task.

At the beginning of last year only five definite pictograph sites in Ontario were known; another fifteen had been reported but not checked. Today my pin-up map shows forty-one sites in the province, one almost straddling the Manitoba boundary, and five south of the international border. All but a dozen have been confirmed.

This year we hope to cover the remaining sites in north-western Ontario and the adjacent United States, moving east in subsequent summers. It is our dream to record every cliff pictograph in the Canadian Shield country, and perhaps beyond. But that will not be possible without a lot of help from the grass roots of archaeology; people on the spot who know, and report, a local site.

Unrelated pictographs from different Quetico sites.

BY MARK RONAYNE

Atlantic Cowpunchers

Rounding up pothead whales in Newfoundland

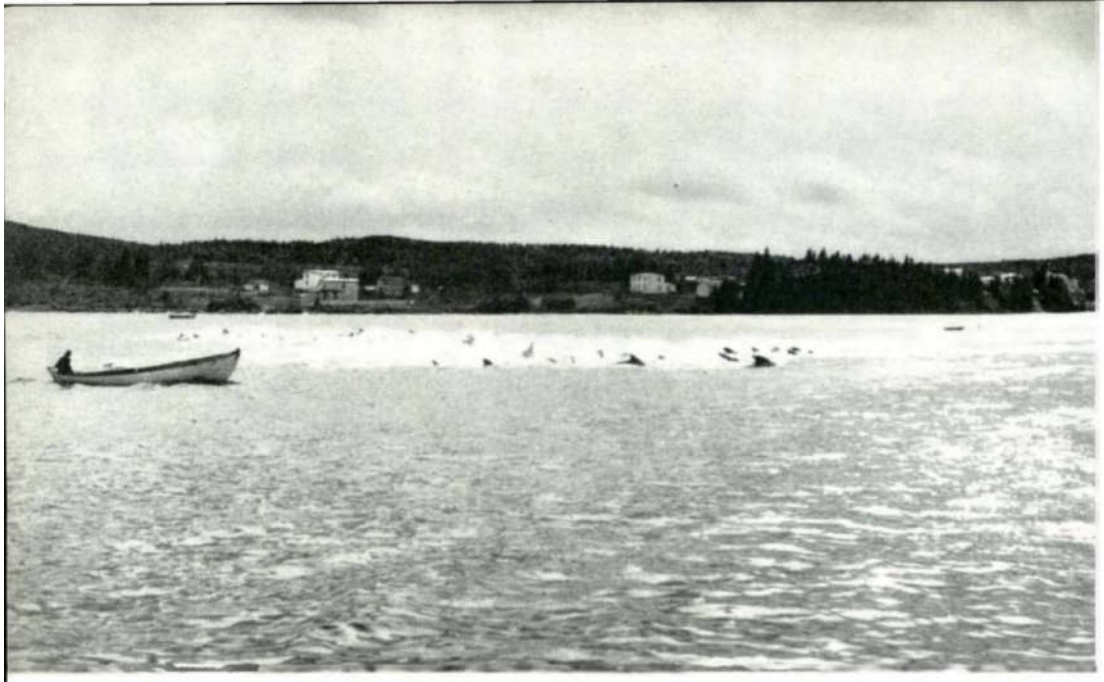
Mr. Ronayne, of Newfoundland birth and ancestry, became a Fisheries information officer for the Newfoundland area after ten years of varied newspaper work, being transferred to the Department in Ottawa two years ago.

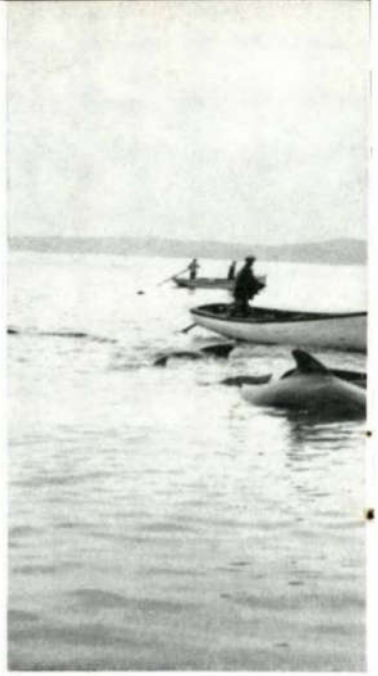
HERE on the east coast of Newfoundland the hurricane had reached the peak of its fury the night before, but the sting in its tail was still very much in evidence as we drove along the winding road that skirts wide-open Bonavista Bay.

Under a mackerel sky the waves rose unceasingly out of the heaving sea, gathering ever higher as they drove on the land with parade ground precision. Froth covered the beaches and the jagged cliffs were wreathed in clouds of spume. Spray snatched from the curling crests swirled shoreward in a wispy spindrift.

Even in sheltered coves the punts, dories and trapskiffs of the inshore fishermen, lunging at their moorings, threatened to snap free and go careening along the hollows and crests to the open sea or pile up on the rocky shore. Decidedly, it was no day to be on the sea, especially in an open fishing boat; consequently we were totally unprepared for the spectacle unfolding in Southern Bay.

In this fiord-like arm, where the gale and gusts were chastened by gently sloping hillsides, three small motor boats were cutting wide swathes over the cotton-topped waves. One moment they were heading straight in the arm, next they were veering sharply for the far shore, minutes later they were swinging hard about to bear down on the low promontory where we had parked to watch their mystifying goings on. Slowly the boats drew





closer, the racket of their engines coming like shotgun blasts across the water, and suddenly the reason for the odd manoeuvring burst out of the sea in a mass of glistening, melon-shaped heads and shiny black backs . . . "Potheads!"

For a few exciting moments the huge herd of whales lumbered along the surface in plumes of spray directly ahead of the boats. Then, as though at a signal, they sounded to reappear tense seconds later still bearing on course for our shore. Closer and closer they came until it seemed that all would rush headlong into the shallows, but another tack sent the whales heading into the arm again with the boats rounding in pursuit.

So the chase went with the big black mammals surfacing and blowing, ploughing along the surface with only their bulbous heads and stiff triangular fins showing, and submerging again in an effort to shake off the hunters. At times the herd swerved so close to the shore that some of the beasts ran aground in a tail-lashing eruption of muddy spray. But inexorably the whales were herded like cattle into the shoal water at the foot of the bay where they milled around blindly in the silty water stirred up by their own movements.

With the drive over the boats withdrew to the perimeter of the herd to let the potheads calm down and to turn back any showing a tendency to stray. A few fishermen went ashore to return with rifles and cast off once again in their boats. Several more boats slipped out from the beach carrying more fishermen to lend a hand. Then the killing commenced.

This is pothead whaling, Newfoundland style, as colourful and dramatic a round-up as was ever experienced in the wildest and woolliest west. It's a sea-going rodeo for intrepid codfishermen who ride sturdy boats on the rolling plains of the Atlantic.

For generations the small-boat men of Southern Bay, Chapel Arm, New Harbour and Old Shop have been chasing the potheads—commonly known as pilot or caa'ing whales and blackfish, and to science as *Globicephela melaena*—in this devil-may-care fashion. And almost every day in the summer and early fall there is either a drive in progress or one being planned.

Until less than ten years ago there was little, if any, preliminary planning for the drives which were more the result of chance than design. They usually occurred when a herd of potheads wandered within spotting distance of boats on the cod or squid jigging grounds. Sometimes they were sighted from the shore. Either way, the fishermen needed no second invitation to haul in their jiggers or jump in their boats and take off after the whales.

Nowadays the drives are well organized and the fishermen receive a large measure of assistance, especially in the initial stages of the round-up and in the flensing operations when the herd has been beached. This has come about in the course of a development program by the Newfoundland government which has elevated the potheads from their former obscurity to prominence as the basis of an expanding fur-farming industry.

In earlier days the potheads were hunted principally for the thick layer of fat under their skin and the blubber-filled head which the fishermen rendered into oil themselves. A little of the meat was sometimes preserved to feed dog teams during the winter, but the greater part, by far, was discarded.

These primitive methods continued until 1948 when an enterprising Norwegian whaling skipper, Captain Iver Iverson, spearheaded the formation of a company for processing the fat and the meat. A factory was built at South Dildo, a focal point of the whaling centres, equipped with reduction and refrigeration plants, which provided

fishermen with a ready outlet for the raw material from the round-ups.

The latest development stems from the determined efforts of the provincial government to utilize the abundance of pothead meat and unlimited supplies of codfish in placing Newfoundland on the world's mink ranching map. Fur farming has been carried on for many years in Newfoundland, although on a relatively small scale, and mink ranching was one of the vocational courses offered returning servicemen from the Second World War. However, it became vastly more important when a number of established fur ranchers from the western provinces, faced with dwindling supplies of horse meat, transferred their operations to Newfoundland. Today their rows of aluminum-covered mink sheds, nestling in virgin stands of fir and spruce along the road to Dildo, form the nucleus of the growing industry.

This rapid expansion led almost overnight to the establishment of a co-operative for handling the whale meat and liver, fish, cereal and other ingredients that go into the minks' diet. Results from the whale and fish feed have been encouraging in quality and production.

In dovetailing the whale and cod fisheries to keep the mink well fed, the ranchers would appear to have overcome their problems in this respect. But there are always hazards, and in this case the unsung hero of the piece could well become the villain.

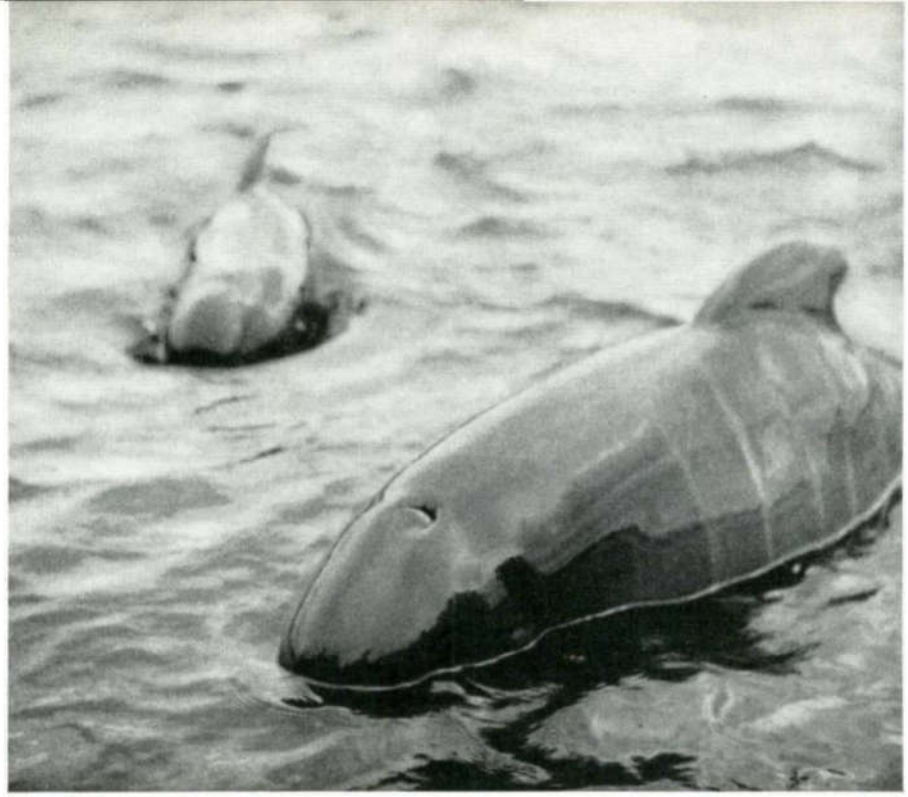
This is the common or garden variety of squid, *Illex illecebrosus*, which swarm into Newfoundland waters each year in dense schools and which are the principal food of potheads. A scarcity of squid in any year would result in an absence of whales. However, the squid are remarkably consistent in their annual lingering migration to the bays on the south and east coasts, though far fewer were taken last year than previously.

In former years when the fishermen did all the hunting in open motor boats they usually waited until the potheads had penetrated deep into the bay before anticipating a round-up. Now, however, three medium-size whale catchers commence the search much earlier in the season. Sometimes the patrol may be a short one with the whales being spotted near the beach chosen for the drive. At other times, especially in unfavourable onshore winds (potheads tend to travel into the wind), the hunters roam far out in the bay before coming upon their quarry.

On sighting a herd the boats fan out in a wide arc behind the whales and close in gradually to drive them in the desired direction. The potheads react to the presence and sounds of the boats by cruising on ahead, above and below the surface, at varying speeds up to their maximum of about eight knots. Because of their strong herd instinct the whales stay together in a compact body, so that the main job is to keep them on course. This painstaking, tricky job may take a few hours or the better part of a day, depending on the distance to be covered, the wind and the veerings of the herd.

Meanwhile, the fisher-folk ashore, as they go about their everyday tasks, keep a weather eye peeled for the herders. Each community has its own group of fishermen, directed by a "key" man, who take over the final stages of the drive; and when the round-up is sighted they put off in their small boats to herd the whales into the shallows.

Now the climax is approaching as the hunters pit skill and daring against the whales' power. The fishermen, knowing that the potheads react readily to sound, stage a noisy, colourful show. Whooping and hollering, slapping oars on water, hammering on cans, throwing stones overboard, all to the tune of a swarm of engines roaring at full blast, they course back and forth behind the whales in a tight crescent. Gradually the mammals are driven



Young pothead whales almost aground in shallow water at Trinity Bay.
All photos by the author.

into the shallows at the edge of the beach where they become stranded and befuddled in the murky water.

Moving in for the kill, the fishermen continue to display reckless abandon as they glide among the threshing cows and bulls, some of which measure up to twenty feet and weigh three tons. At Southern Bay rifles are used to dispatch the whales, but at Chapel Arm, New Harbour and Old Shop, razor-sharp lances are the favoured weapon. For all their bulk and power, the potheads die fairly quickly from the lethal blows.

Herds driven at Southern Bay, Chapel Arm and Old Shop are slaughtered *en masse* as quickly as possible. By contrast, at New Harbour the round-up, like a western cattle drive, ends in a corral. This enclosure consists of a huge wall of netting, attached to large white buoys, which stretches from one side of the harbour to the other, and is let down after the whales have been driven inside. The potheads are free to swim about this vast corral until they are singled out for the final herding to the beach. As a result, killing can be carried out at a more leisurely pace, and the flow of meat, liver and fat to the processing plants is regulated. This innovation also provides another clue to the potheads' inherent timidity; for, in seeking an escape outlet, they frequently charge right up to the flimsy fence but they always veer away.

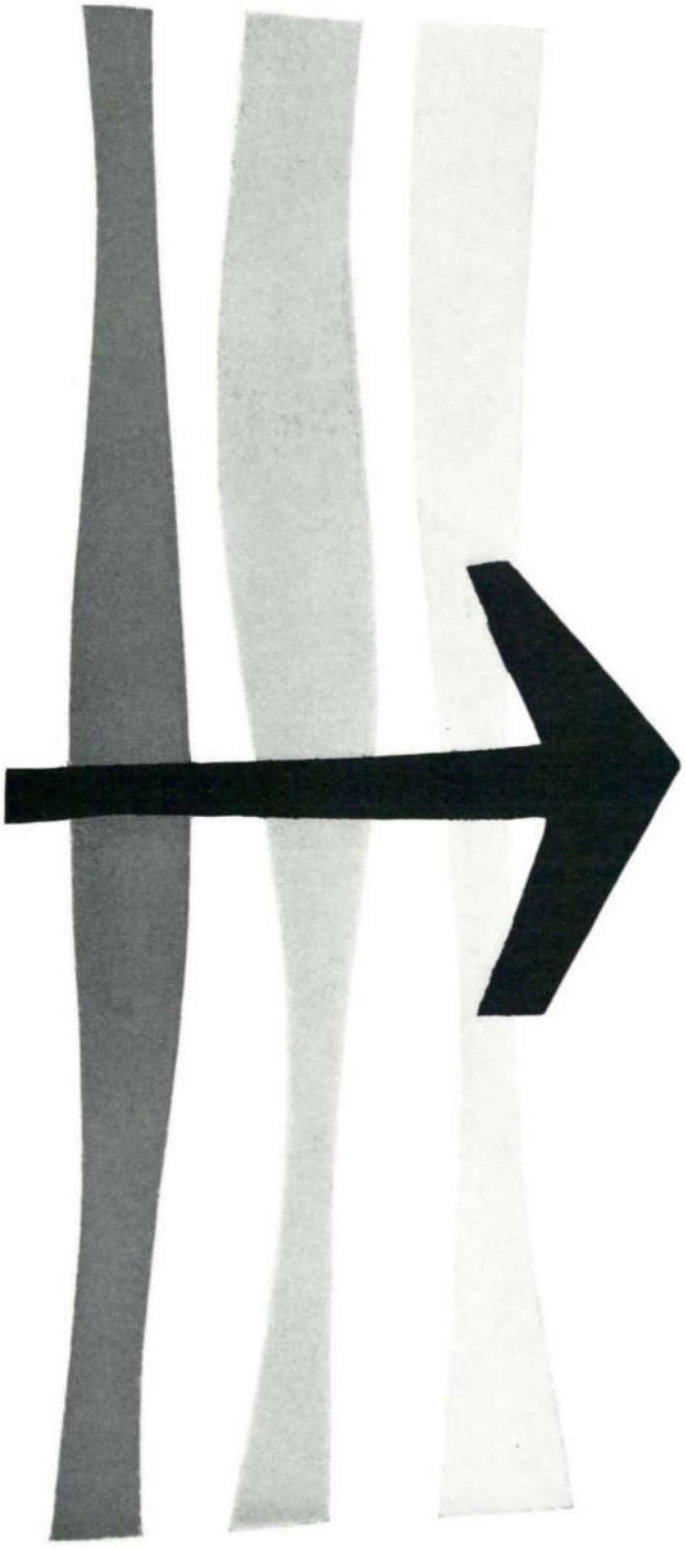
Several other innovations have already been tried, or are in the planning stage, to speed and simplify the disposal of the whales. In an effort to make the slaughter as humane as possible, tests have been conducted with elephant guns and investigations are being made into the efficiency of electrically-charged harpoons. At Chapel Arm and at New Harbour there are large wooden ramps, extending down to the landwash, onto which the whales are hauled by winch-equipped trucks. Small pumps are used in hosing down the ramps with sea water to reduce the friction between the whale's hide and the wood, and portable generators supply lighting for work after dark.

After the fat has been cut off it is immediately loaded aboard trucks and taken to the reduction plant. However, the meat and liver are spread on wire-mesh trays for cooling before being taken to the feed factory where the chunks are trimmed, sharp frozen and placed in cold storage for use as required.

For the fishermen, who share equally in the proceeds from the sale of meat and fat, the potheads now represent a far more regular occupation, part-time at any rate, than in the past. For the mink ranchers they are the source of a most important commodity.

The future of the pothead herds seems assured, too, judging by the authoritative comments made by a scientist of the Fisheries Research Board of Canada a few years ago. His report indicated that localized killing should make little inroad into the vast stocks of potheads present around the coast of Newfoundland. Suggestions were also made as to how the herds could be conserved in the event of depletion by widespread exploitation. It is pretty safe to say that last year's catch of 7,800 whales hardly put a dent in the herds.

So, given this combination of squid, potheads and codfish, the mink of Newfoundland will fare well. ◆



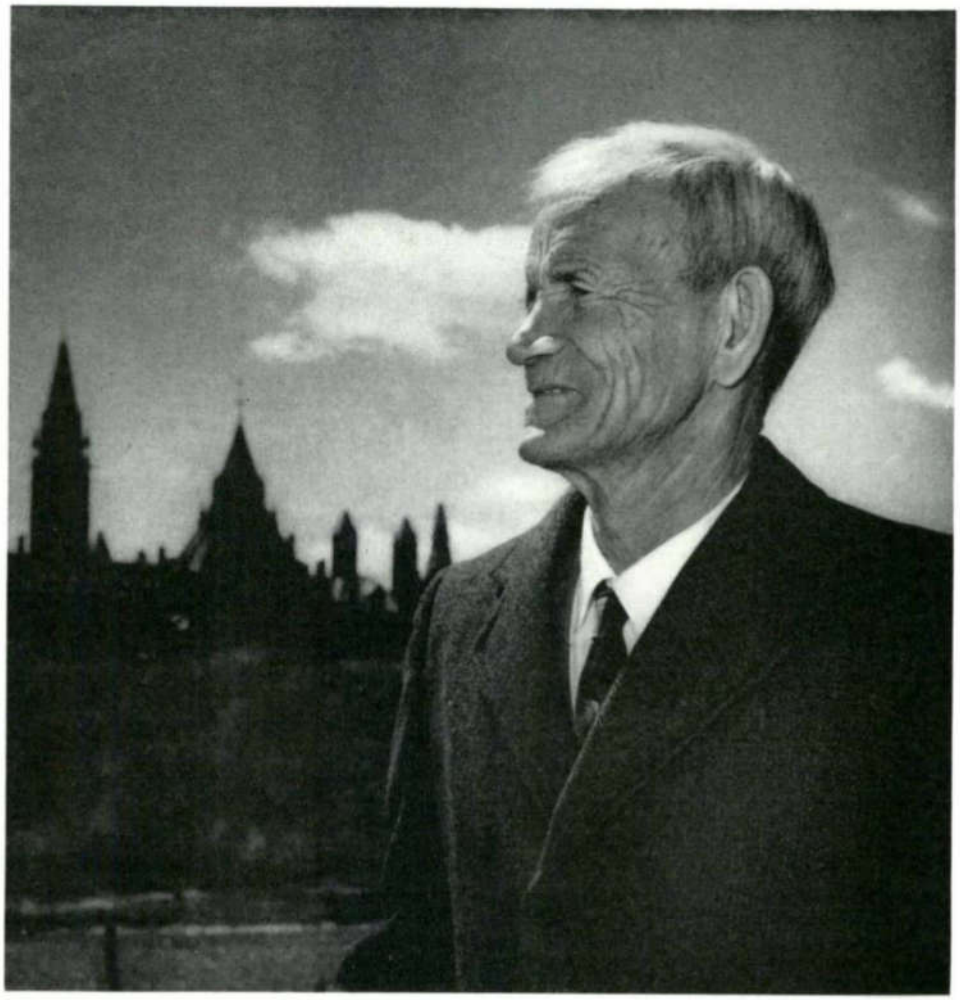
PICTORIAL BY ROSEMARY GILLIAT
with some additional photos as credited

Transition:

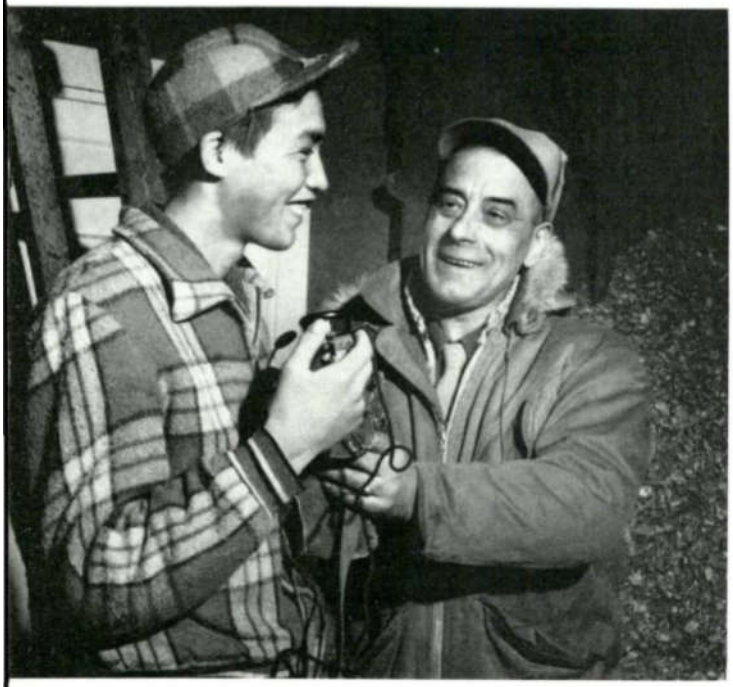
The first-comers to this continent, the Indians and the Eskimos, devised a way of life in a raw land. They developed means of transportation, canoes and kayaks, toboggans, sleds and snowshoes; they hunted, trapped and fished; some grew corn and beans and tobacco, and drew sweet sap from the trees; they made beautifully decorated clothing from the materials at hand, and lodges or snow-houses for shelter.

The white man brought his own ways with him but learnt much from the native people. In time he overran the land, and in yet more time his mechanization superseded the highly developed native skills acquired over the centuries.

Now the first-comer adapts again, this time to a different culture and a new language, in the span of a few generations making the transition to a highly complex life conditioned by the inventions that dominate the present world.

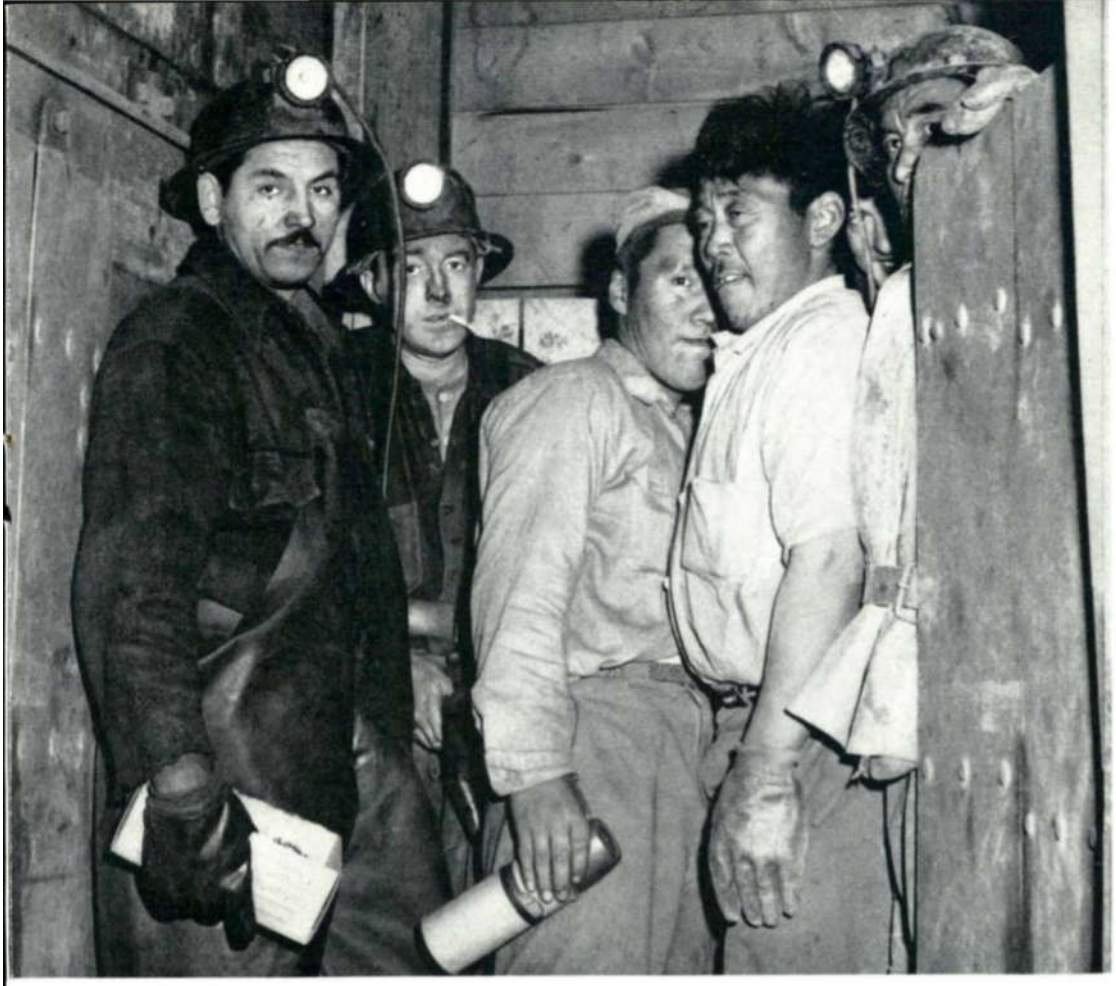


The place of the Indian in national affairs was emphasized when the Hon. James Gladstone entered the Senate in May. Senator Gladstone, whose father was a Hudson's Bay Company boat-builder, is from the Blood reserve in Alberta. He was educated on the reserve and in Calgary, where he learnt typesetting, and is now a successful farmer and rancher. The Senator's Blackfoot name is Akainamuka, meaning Many Guns.



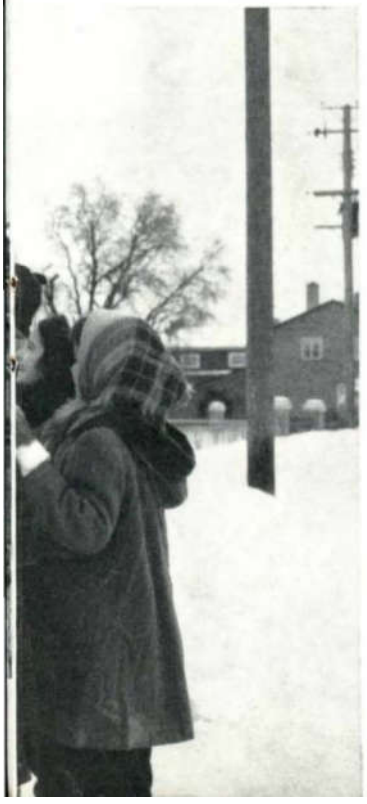
An Indian lad is intrigued by the clicking of a geiger counter as a government lecturer, himself a metis and graduate, shows samples and tells a gathering of trappers in northern Saskatchewan how to prospect for valuable minerals.

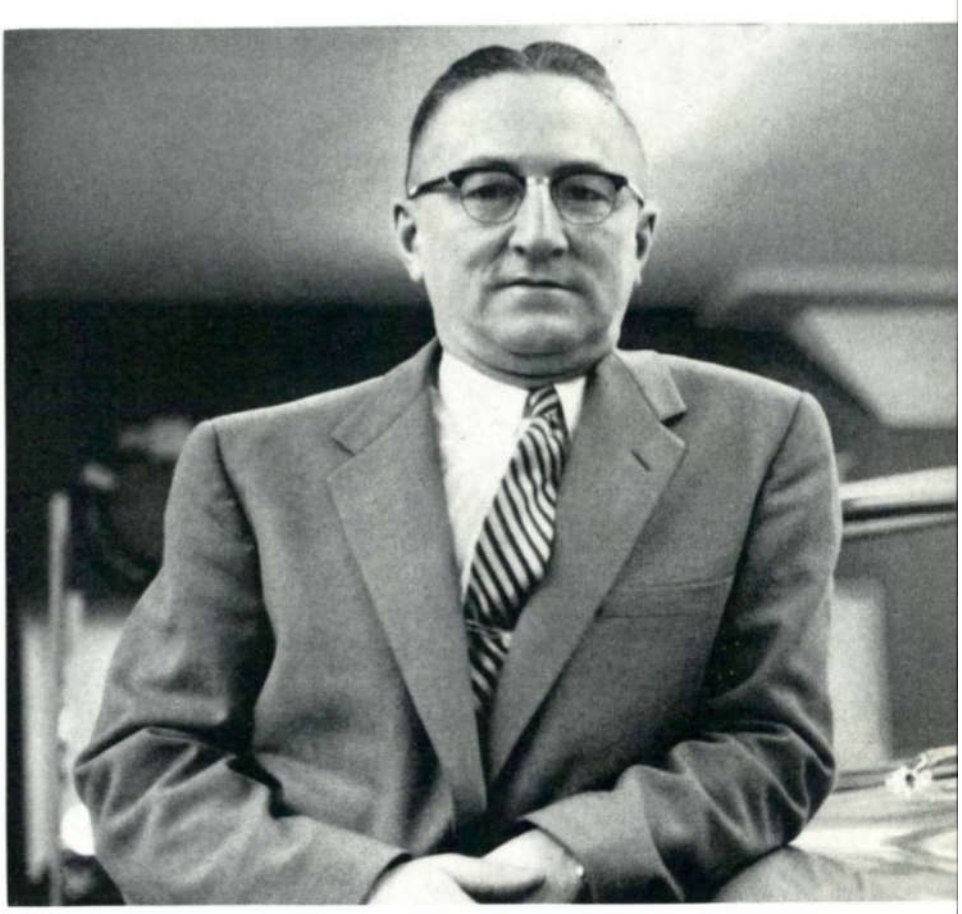
This Royal Canadian Mounted Police special constable has many duties on his native Caughnawaga reserve near Montreal. Before joining the police he was a construction worker on such jobs as the Empire State and United Nations Buildings in New York.



At Rankin Inlet on the northwest shore of Hudson Bay, Eskimos and white workers go underground to mine nickel and copper ore from the permafrost. The Eskimos, who are miners, mill-workers, carpenters, and mechanics, live in permanent frame houses provided by the mining company.
RCAF, courtesy North Bay Nugget

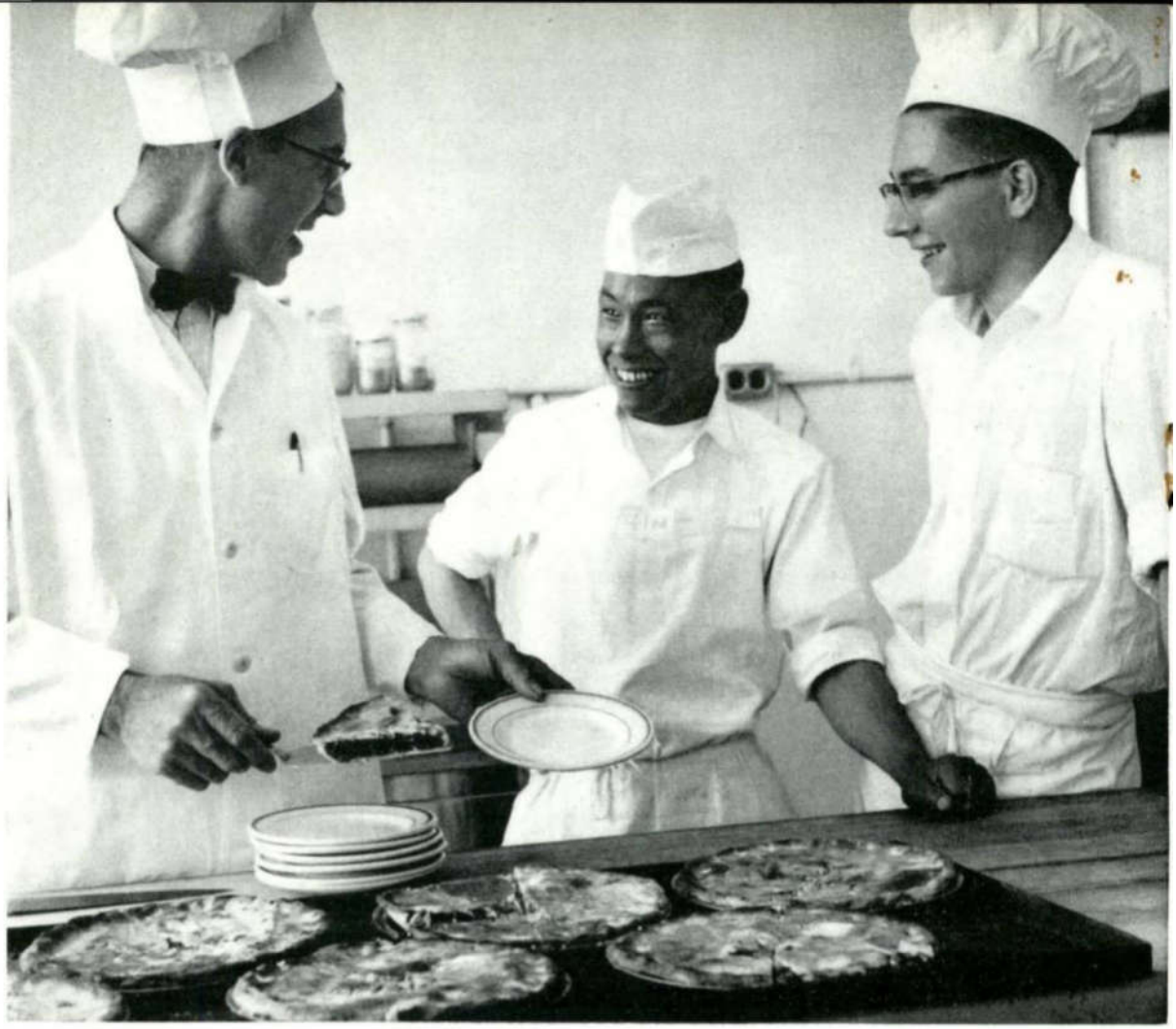
Dept. of Citizenship





This general sales manager for a Montreal motor firm has served on the council of his Caughnawaga Band of the Mohawks. He previously worked in the United States.

Dept. of Citizenship

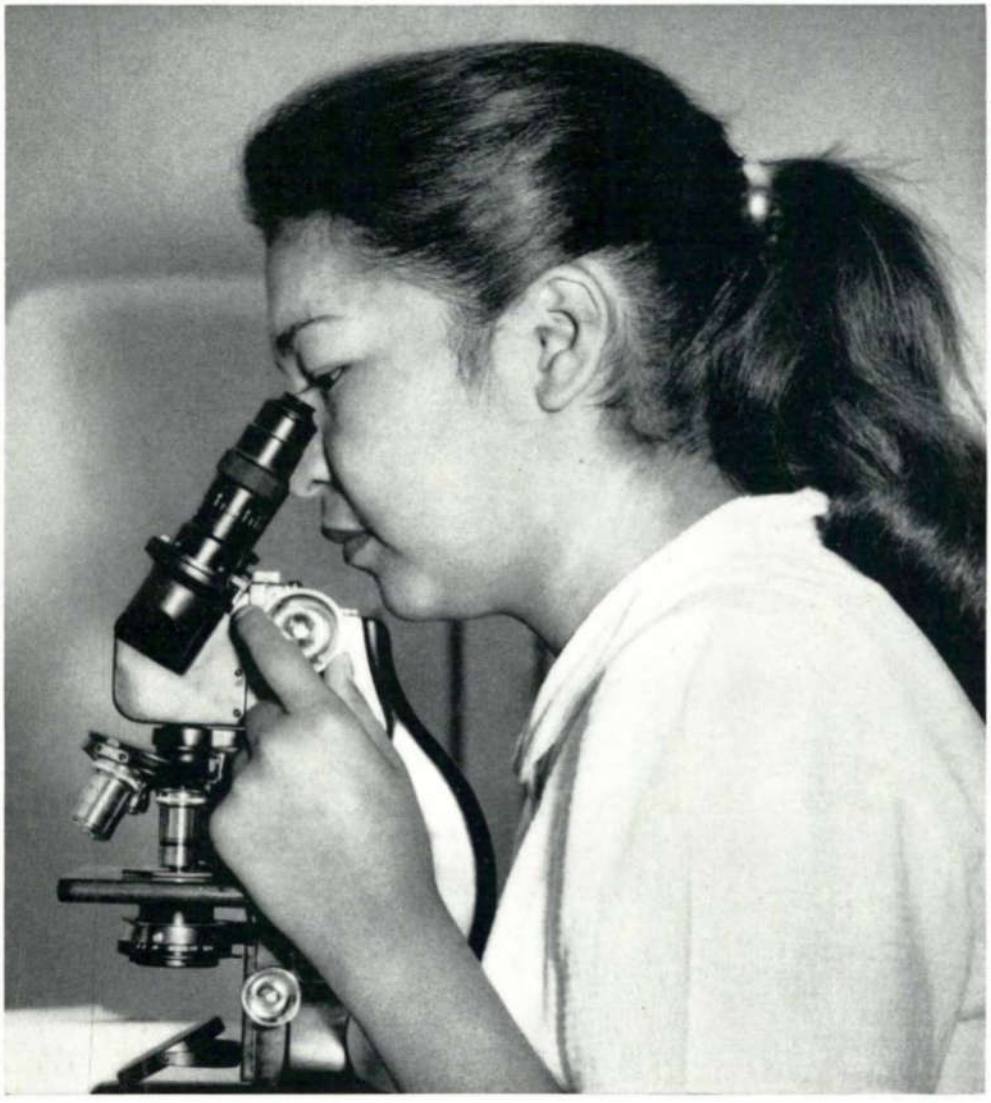


A skilled hairdresser, originally from northern Manitoba, works in a beauty salon in a big city.
Dept. of Citizenship

An 18-year-old Eskimo from Frobisher Bay is offered a slice of the first pie he has baked. After his training in Winnipeg he will return to the Arctic to work as a cook at a DEW Line station.

Expert tuition in watch-making at the Manitoba Technical Institute for a young Eskimo from Aklavik. The excellent memories of the Eskimo boys make them particularly good at re-assembling a multitude of tiny parts.

An Indian girl works with a microscope at the Camsell Hospital in Edmonton. Once a patient, she is now learning to be a laboratory technician's aide; her jobs include making culture media, preparing specimens for examination, and assisting with tuberculin tests.



Mohawk Indians, one of the Iroquoian tribes, have an exceptional aptitude for high-steel work and are employed on many major construction projects in eastern Canada and New York.
Bethlehem Steel Company

Studying anatomy at a Calgary Nurses' Training School. The two girls not in uniform, who graduated this summer as Certified Nursing Aides, are from the Sarcee reserve in Alberta.

The Canadian government has an expert radio operator in this Eskimo at Cambridge Bay in the Western Arctic.

N.F.B.

The only son of the chief of the Blackfoot reserve in Alberta is an up-to-date agriculturist. He has just been swathing a field of wheat.

Indian and Eskimo are traditional enemies whose antipathy is fading. At Aklavik, where the races meet, an Indian girl from farther up the Mackenzie River cares for an Eskimo baby from Banks Island in a mission hospital, before going "outside" for further training.

On the 6,000-member Six Nations reserve in southern Ontario twenty-five of the twenty-seven teachers in the day schools, as well as the supervising principal, are members of the Six Nations. Some teach off the reserve as well as on it.

Dept. of Citizenship

His Worship directs court proceedings in a soft voice that carries the ring of authority. Magistrate O. M. Martin, who died earlier this year, was born on the Six Nations reserve and studied in school there and at the University of Toronto. After a distinguished army career, from which he retired in 1944 as brigadier, he was appointed York County magistrate in Toronto.

Dept. of Citizenship

Mrs. von der Lin writes on Western industrial developments for a Pacific coast news bureau.

Oil from the Sands

BY FRANCES VON DER LIN

The bituminous sands of the Athabasca River have long tantalized the oil seekers.

Alberta Government photos except where credited

IT is much more interesting to fly over than to walk through." This belated travel tip in an Alberta government "Guide" to Canada's renowned oil-sands area has been given the old Pandora-treatment by scores of major oil companies and private citizens intent on unlocking the world's biggest box of petroleum riches.

The sands have been and continue to be the object of intensive exploration and experimentation by a wide variety of means directed at a single objective—an economical method of extraction to mark an end to more than half a century of failure. It is confidently expected that the lid will be swung wide open before many years and the long-locked oil of the Athabasca sands at Alberta's back door will start its trip to market.

This is the firm belief of participants in oil-sands exploitation projects which are estimated to cost variously—on and off the record—from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000.

While costs are in the millions, the reserves of oil are figured in the billions. Until recently, estimates ranged haphazardly from 100 billion to 300 billion barrels of high-quality crude over areas estimated roughly from 8,000 square miles up to 30,000 square miles. Data accumulated on the oil-sands show that although a few zeros more or less have been dubbed in or lopped off inadvertently from these estimates through the years, it has remained an unalterable fact that a lot of oil does exist in the oil-sand formation—enough to last a fuel-hungry world perhaps a thousand years.

It certainly would take a long time to walk through the oil-sodden area, even if the jaunt by foot were through less formidable terrain than that presented by the country's wilderness of muskegs and sand ridges.

At the 1957 session of the Alberta legislature it was decided to give the area an official boundary of foot-sore proportions. The "McMurray formation" now comprises a rectangular area taking in 315 townships or 11,340 square miles.

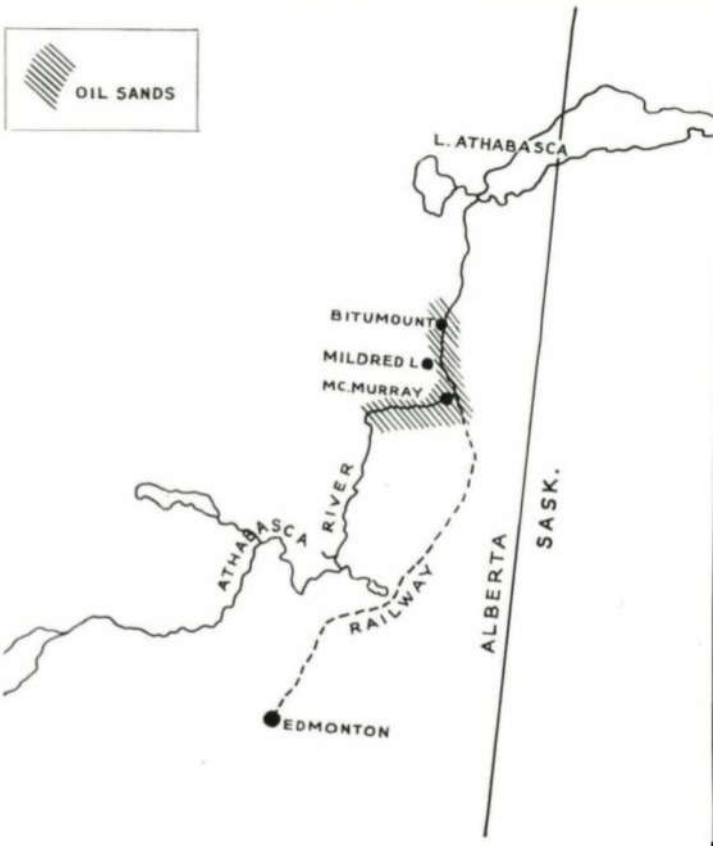
Individual oil companies are arriving at accurate conclusions as to the amount of oil contained in their oil-sands holdings. This is no matter of academic interest or scientific curiosity. It is an economic necessity to have proved reserves of one-half-billion barrels in the ground before it would pay to build a separation plant of around 30,000 barrels-per-day capacity to meet operational requirements for at least 30 years.

Commanding attention as a world-phenomenon, the tar sands occur along the banks of the Athabasca River and its tributaries in a series of outcrops extending more than 100 miles.

The exposures vary from a few feet to more than 200 feet at places along the river banks, and the rich beds of petroleum-saturated sand vary in the depth of the formation from a thickness of 150 to 175 feet.

The centre of the official oil-sands region is approximately 300 miles northeast of Edmonton and about 50 miles north of the town of McMurray, which grew around Fort McMurray, established in 1870 by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The potentialities of the gigantic reservoir are no less amazing today to seismic-geared oil companies than to the fur-traders and prospectors of yesterday. Peter Pond, who wintered near Lake Athabasca in 1778-9, mentioned the bitumen flowing on the ground. Alexander Mackenzie, who went down the Athabasca River (which he called the Elk River) to Lake Athabasca in 1788, wrote that there were "some bituminous fountains, into which a pole of twenty feet long may be inserted without the least resistance. The bitumen is in a fluid state, and when mixed with gum, or the resinous substance collected from the spruce fir, serves to gum the canoes. In its heated state it emits a smell like that of sea-coal. The banks of the river, which are there very elevated, discover veins of the same bituminous quality."



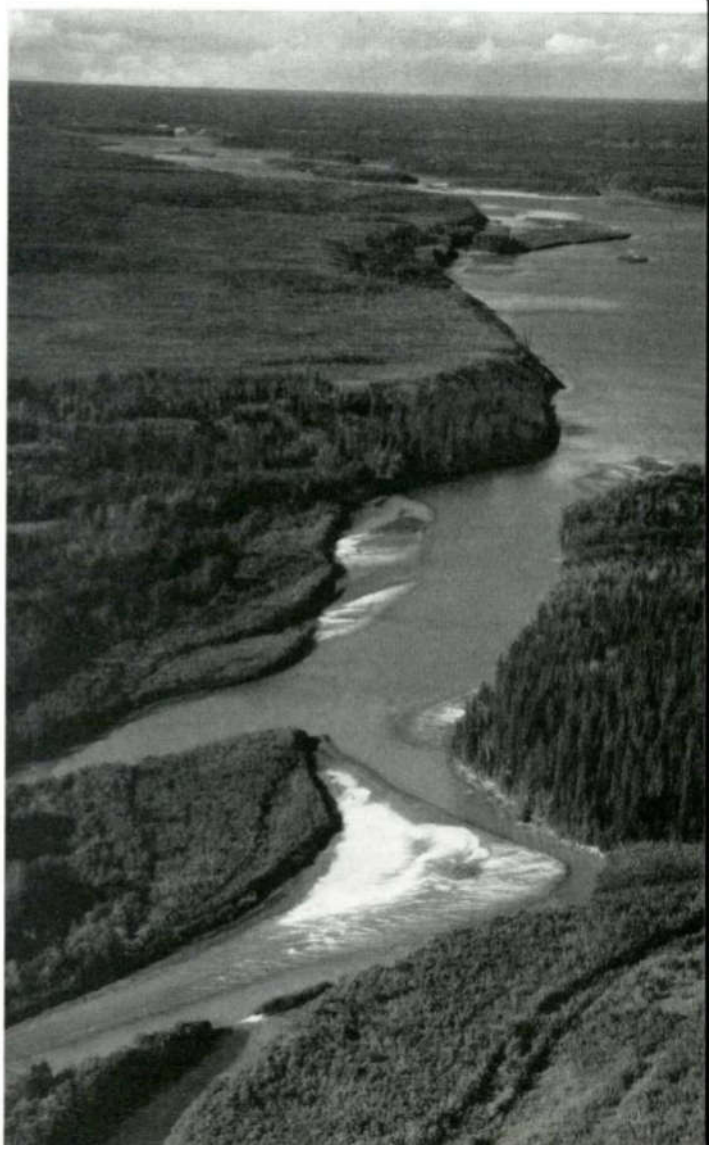
At the latest count in 1958, exploration companies and private citizens held a total of 3,706,449 acres under bituminous sands prospecting permits and an additional 100,054 acres under development leases in which millions of dollars will be poured. A substantial number of these prospecting and lease rights were taken out immediately after the blockage of the Suez canal. Both sides of the Athabasca River were blanketed with permits for exploration by dozens of companies.

Failure to extract oil from the sands in commercial volume dates back to 1897 when R. G. McConnell of the Geological Survey of Canada drilled the first well at Pelican Rapids, south of McMurray. He found gas.

One technique for taking the oil from the sands is of such frustrating simplicity that it could be handily mastered by a child of sand-pile age—squeeze it out by hand. Easy, of course, but uneconomical for wide-scale commercial exploitation.

Separation: water and oil froth lifted along with sand tailings run back into the separation cell through the divider between the two screws.

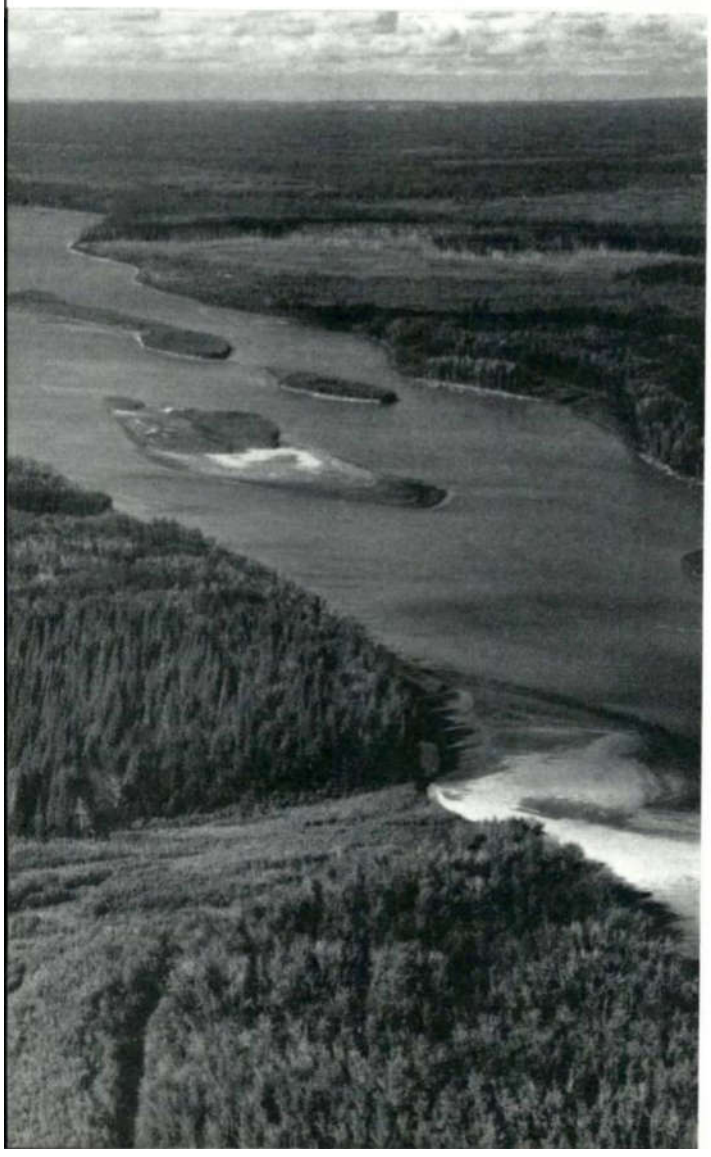
Other more promising methods for literally knocking the tar out of the formation are strikingly reminiscent of appliances ordinarily associated with the shower, the kitchen or the furnace room. Announced separation techniques thus far involve principles based on the cream separator and the washing machine to spin out the sand



by centrifugal force; floods of hot or cold water to float the oil forward; and direct burning methods for achievement of an underground combustion to drive the oil upward from its caverns of overburden. Bacteria might even be tried under another possible separation scheme by which they would be set to work to strip the oil away from the sand. The soundness of another idea is under study to determine whether ultrasonic waves could be used to shatter the oil from the sand.

Dr. K. A. Clark, research engineer in charge of oil-sands work for the Research Council of Alberta, has dedicated close to forty years to studies on commercial development of the oil-sands by which the Athabasca oil "unencumbered by sand could be transported and marketed." Dr. Clark said in an interview that the oil-sands, had they been located in Germany, for example, would have been developed fully under the pressure of wartime fuel-drained conditions when expense was no object.

Tar sands form islands in the Athabasca River above and below Bitumount. *George Hunter*

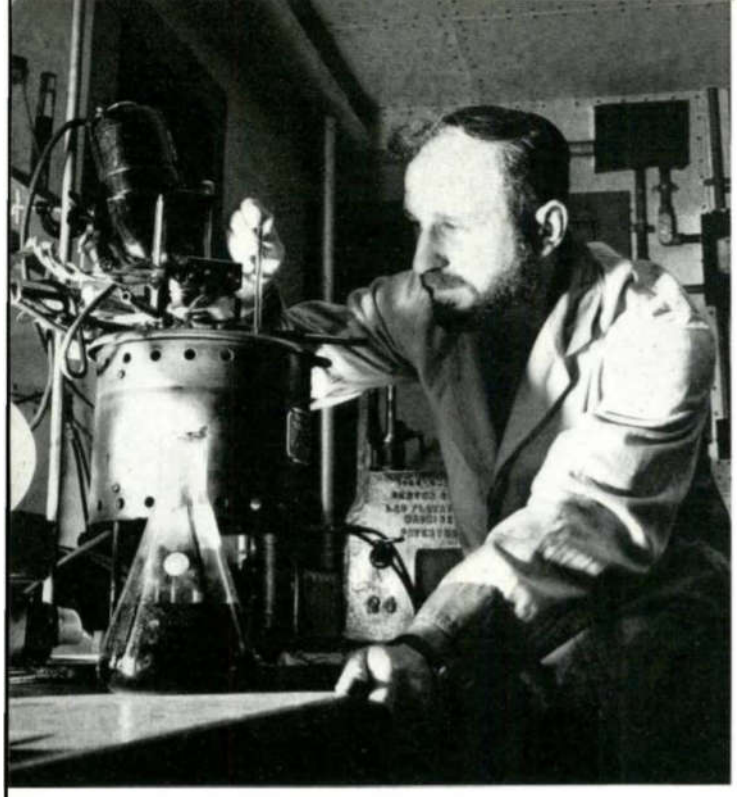


Power shovel loading truck with tar sand in open pit mining.

Large-scale development of the oil-sands was seen as a possibility during World War II as a result of the Japanese threat to shipping along the west coast. The threat was thrown back before much progress was made and the old Abasand Oils plant near McMurray, where federal government investigations were conducted, was destroyed by fire in 1945.

Another plant was built—this one by the Alberta government at Bitumount, where the old International Bitumen Company had been active as an oil-sands products firm which marketed binding materials. Experiments were continued at the government plant. Results of these and other studies are contained in the 1950 Blair Report, compiled under direction of S. M. Blair, petroleum consultant. This report is recognized as an authoritative analysis of the general outlook for an amazing oil-sand development destined to rise along the Athabasca where once the fur trade reigned supreme.

The Blair Report estimated a narrow profit of 40 cents per barrel on a minimum 20,000-barrel-per-day scale as the best to be expected until increased profits could be realized through a reduction in processing costs or by an increase in market value of the oil sold—or both. The 40-cent profit estimate was based on the assumption that the oil from the sands could be produced and delivered



The geologist plays an essential part, in the field and in laboratory work.

at about $3.10 per barrel and bring at least $3.50 when delivered to the Great Lakes market.

Judging by the scope of programs already under way or contemplated it appears a certainty that the oil industry has successfully devised ways to spin or flood or burn substantially larger profits out of the oil-sands. Under two separate programs, production from the area was planned to begin within a few years. In one case, marketing arrangements were said to have been negotiated as a direct result of the Suez crisis which served to accentuate the importance of the oil-sands as an enduring reserve safely removed from disruption of oil shipments through the canal. Cessation of this emergency, however, resulted in an over-supply of oil in the free world and at the present time the cheaper tanker-borne crude undersells Alberta crude. Nevertheless, according to the Canadian Petroleum Association, progress will be made in oil-sands programs in the firm belief that within the next decade ever increasing amounts of oil will be in demand.

Alberta government policy is that oil-sands producers find their own markets. Under this policy, only oil produced from conventional fields within the province comes under the prorationing system of the Alberta Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board. Thus, these fields are protected from the vast production that could start flowing from Northern Alberta in market-cornering quantities, for unlike conventional fields, the oil-sands have been freed from government-set production quotas.

The lid was taken off production from the sands in the interest of economic operations. A minimum 20,000 barrels per day must be produced by operators in the oil-sands region for a profit to be realized. Under one program, several companies have grouped together in planning a commercial oil-sands extraction system. Their projected development program (which was under extremely active consideration at the time of the Suez crisis) would cost an estimated $60,000,000 up to the pipeline stage.

The "hot water" separation technique is believed to be favoured as the means of extraction from their holdings which include about 23,000 acres of lease and 30,000 acres of permit lands. Conventional open pit mining operations would be employed. A 30,000-barrel-per-day capacity is planned for the separation plant.

The technical principle of hot water separation has been established by the Alberta Research Council, according to the Blair Report, and the practical applications have been proved by the government plant at Bitumount. This plant was sold by the government in late 1954 to Can-Amera Oil Sands Development Co., Ltd., a Calgary firm working in partnership with Royalite Oil Co., Ltd., on a $50,000,000 oil-sands development project. These two firms have made the only formal announcement thus far of detailed plans for a development project.

The program of Royalite and associates calls for construction of a separation plant and a 20,000-barrel-per-day processing plant on a 50,000-acre lease at Mildred Lake, midway between Bitumount and Fort McMurray. The oil would flow to Edmonton by a pipeline. Work crews have started site-clearing operations, a mammoth task involving clearance of some 20,000 tons of overburden and limestone.

Industrial sources have rated Athabasca crude as on a par with any pipeline crude they have handled from conventional fields, such as the famed Leduc field. It is expected to sell at a premium price per barrel over natural crude from drilled oil wells. This is because it will yield more high-value products. It is expected that Royalite's own retail network in Western Canada will absorb in initial stages the entire production of crude coming from the Mildred Lake plant.

The Coulson centrifuge process, invented by Gordon Coulson of Calgary and perfected by the Royalite-Can-Amera-De Laval group will be employed in this program to spin the sand from the oil. After the oil has been transferred from the separation plant to a processing plant for coking, it will be pumped to a sulphur plant which will produce an estimated 140 tons of sulphur per day.

As a further boon to Northern Alberta's economy, the oil-sands industry may give rise eventually to a huge petro-chemical industry along the historic banks of the Athabasca River. ◆

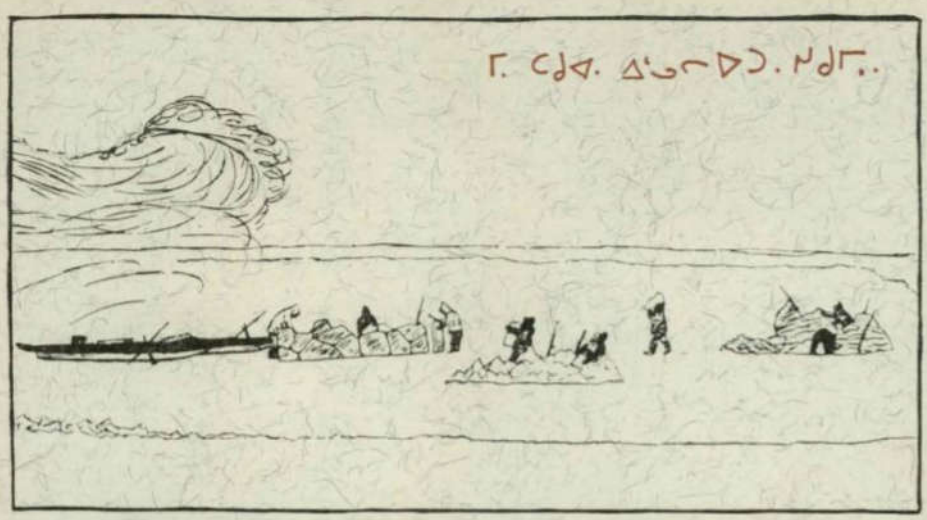
The moving sea ice of the Bay is a hunting ground and there the Eskimos may go when they need seals. They pull a sled to bring back their catch, leaving the dogs who would alarm the seals, and load a kayak on the sled, to retrieve in open water. Sometimes the ice where they are hunting will break away and they are carried out to sea.

ADRIFT

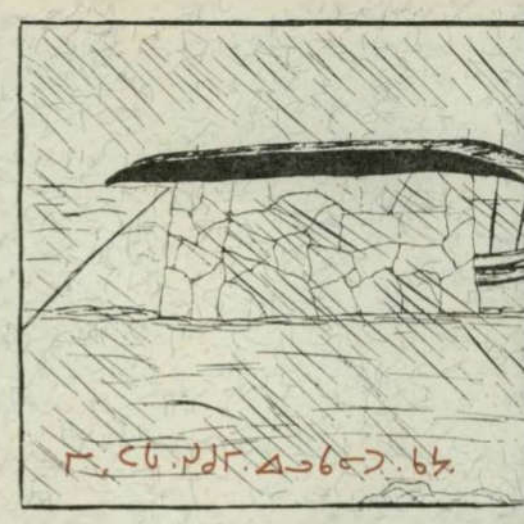
BY SIMON THE ARTIST

This was what happened to Simon and eight other Eskimos from Cape Smith on the northeast shore of Hudson Bay. The ice that carried them away drifted northwest about sixty miles. Then, over the frozen sea, crossing from one floe to another, they succeeded in making their way eastward to the shore ice of Kovik Bay, some fifty or sixty miles north of Cape Smith. They were among the fortunate ones who return from such an adventure.

Simon set down their story in pictures and in beautifully formed syllabics which were translated by Mrs. Ralph Knight, wife of the post manager then at Cape Smith.

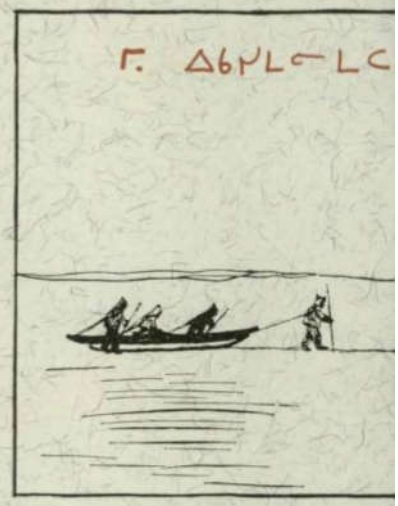


1. There is hardly any snow so we build a square house with the loose ice. We have never made one with ice before. We are afraid. We laugh while we work and try to say a few words in English, *ice, house, good*. We play like this so that we do not show our fear. We use the kayaks for a roof.

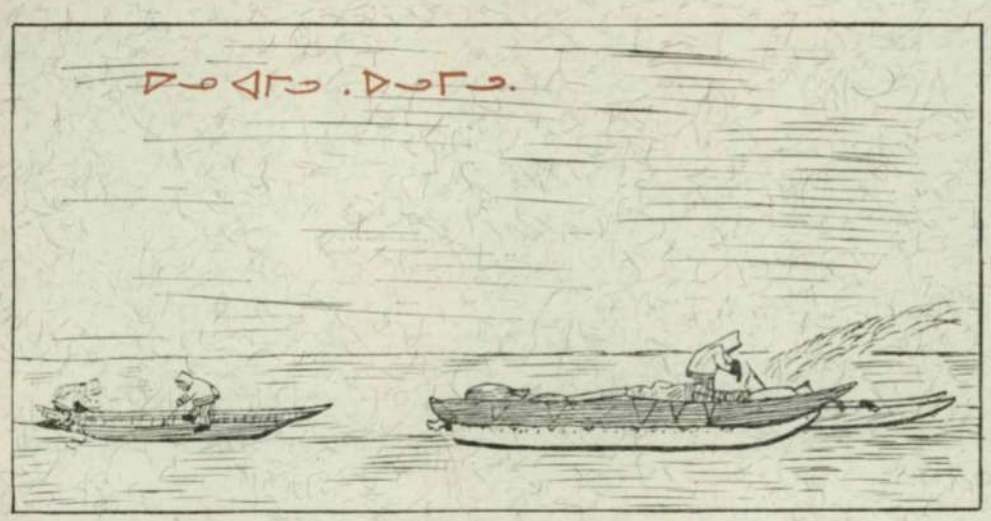


2. The wind blows hard and we stay inside the the drifting ice. During the night of the second ice breaks close by and we become very fright cause we think that the house will fall into the w

4. We could not see any way to cross the crack that had formed in the ice during the storm. Some men had gone to look for a way across; they find one and return. From the sled we see a seal. Hooray! We shoot it.

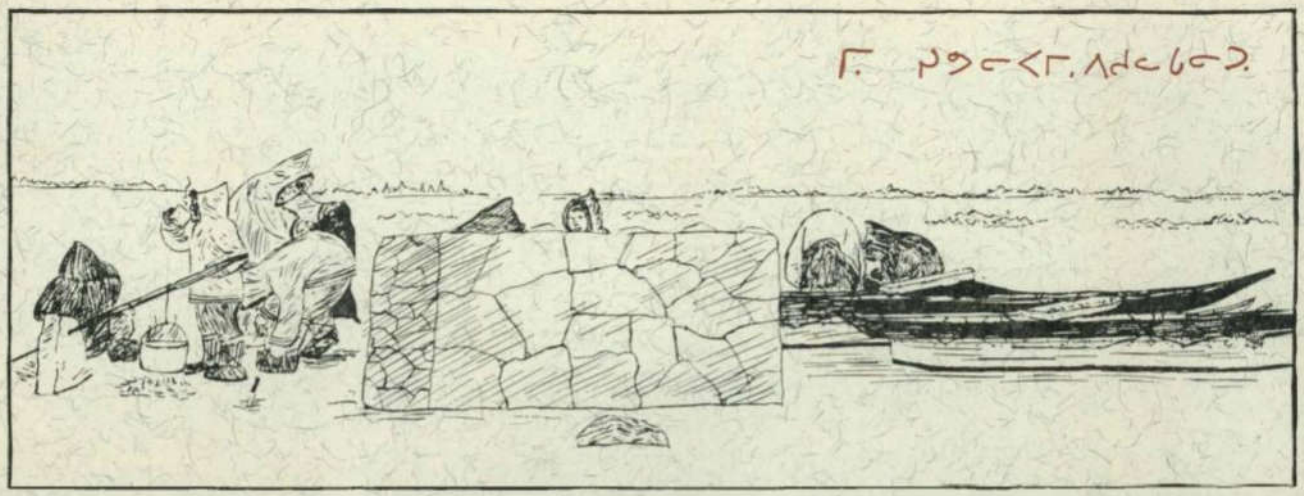


5. We cross the open water an very quickly. Around us we se walk and the sleds seem very almost melted the snow on to



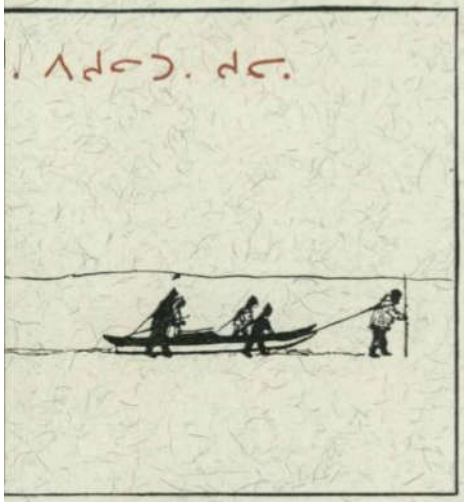
7. We leave one of the kayaks behind as it is too heavy. Some of us sleep a little while the others remove the skin from the kayak. We make a fire with the cross-bars of the sled and melt some snow.

8. The moon has not ice in the darkness. So go ahead searching for



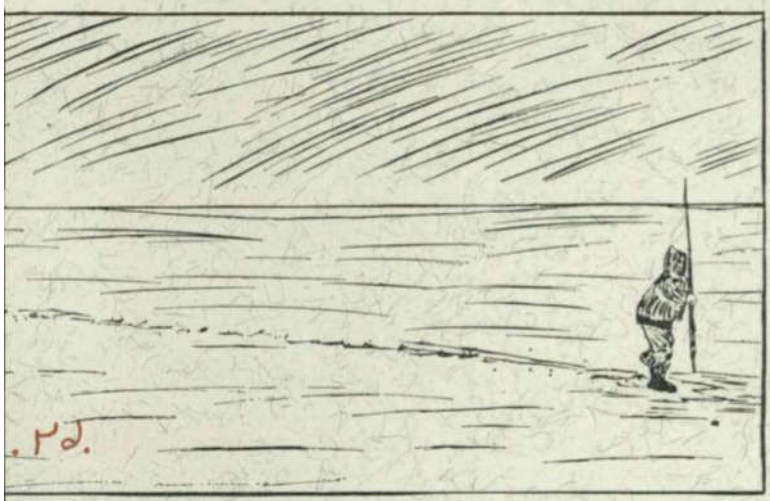
house on
day the
ened be-
ater.

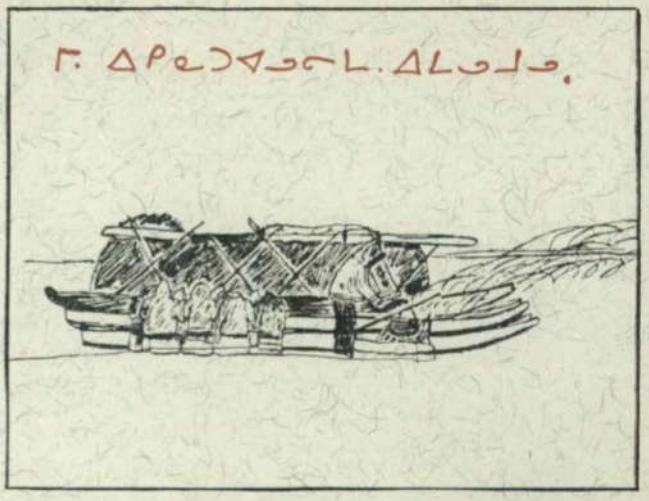
3. For two days it was snowing heavily. It is not cold and the snow has become deep. Before we start walking we build a fire using the wooden primus stove box. We take the skin from one of the kayaks and make boots. Some of us still have boots but they will be worn out quickly. It is very foggy. We are hungry. There is no food, only water to drink.



d start to walk but we become tired
e many cracks on the ice. All day we
heavy because the warm weather has
p of the ice. Night is approaching.

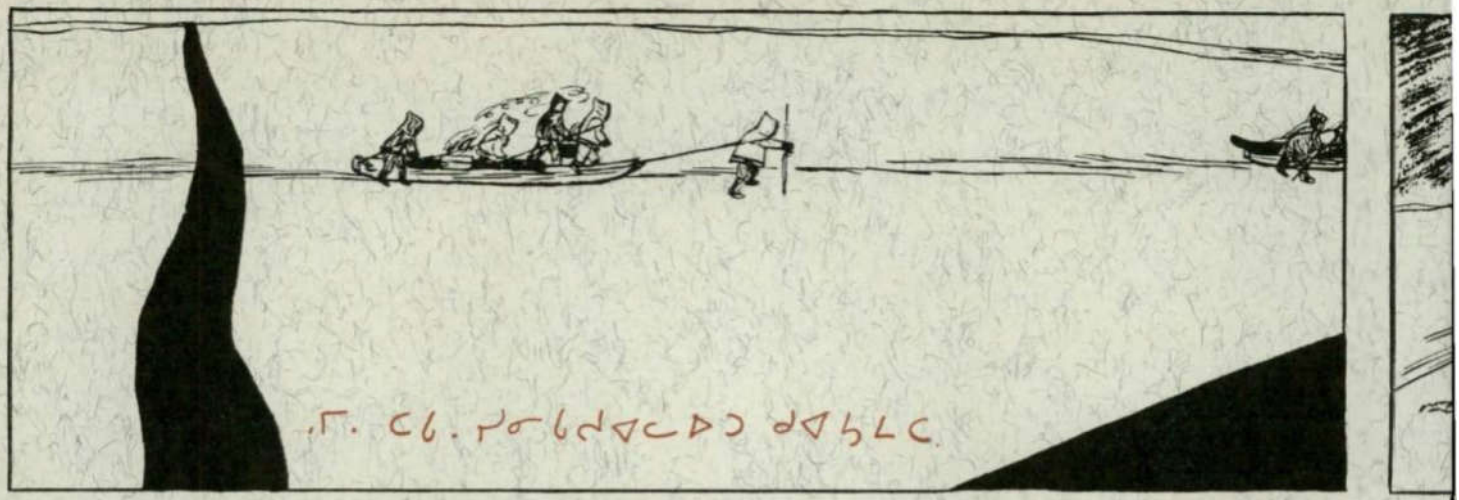
6. We come to an open crack. The wind blowing in our faces is slowly closing the gap. We shall soon cross and keep on walking. While waiting we kneel and pray. We are very tired after walking all day.



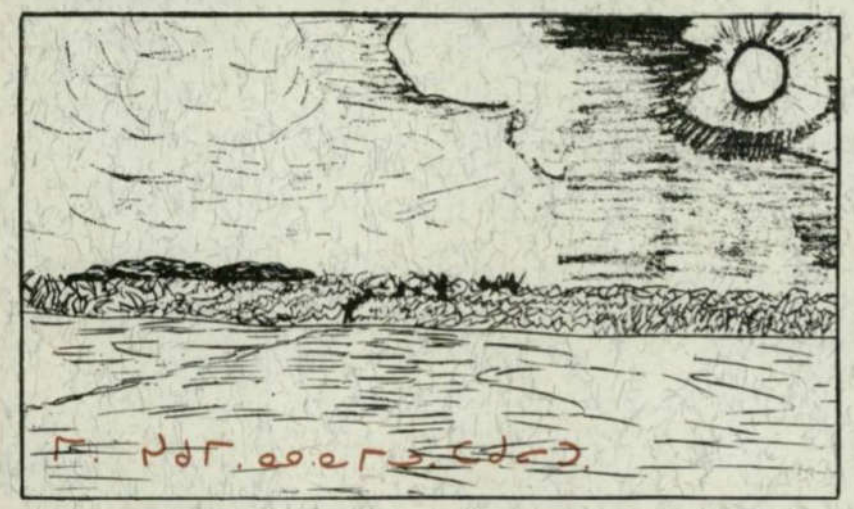


yet come up. It is dangerous to go on over the thin
me of us drag the sled in the trail made by those who
the safest route. The weather is getting colder.

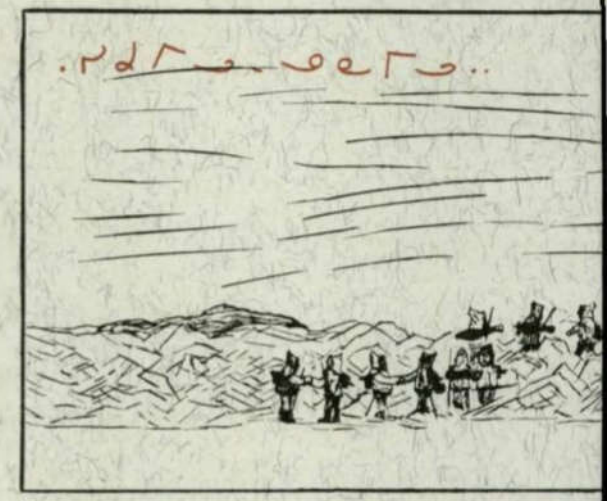
9. We stop because it is too dark and there is open water ahead. We sit on pieces of ice behind a shelter made from the kayak, sled, paddles and harpoons.



10. It is too cold to sleep so we light a fire. Alone on the ice we are cold and unhappy. A crack opens in the ice close to where we sit. We are alarmed. We put the fire on top of the sled and move on. We will stop to warm ourselves when we get to a larger piece of ice.



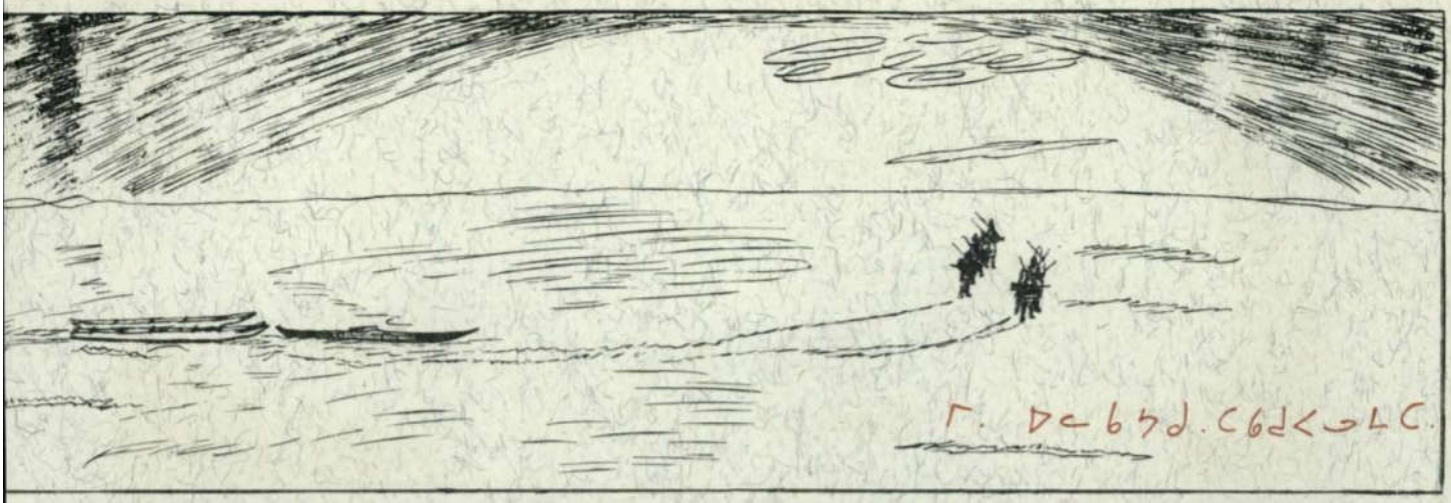
12. In the distance we see the rough shore ice and the hills of Kovik Bay. The wind is blowing from the land when we pass onto the firm shore ice. We look behind and see the ice on which we have just passed being blown out into the bay.



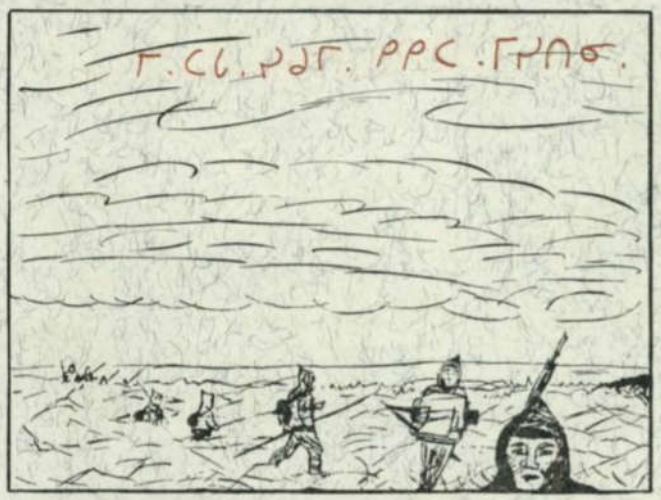
13. We are at last on ice that is not moving. We are thankful to God and we are happy. When we reach the land we are so full of joy that we shake hands with one another. We are still very far from our homes;—

16. We have started walking again following the shore line. It is very early and we are still sleepy. We try to follow the tracks made by the leader but some are so drowsy they fall asleep and wander off the trail.

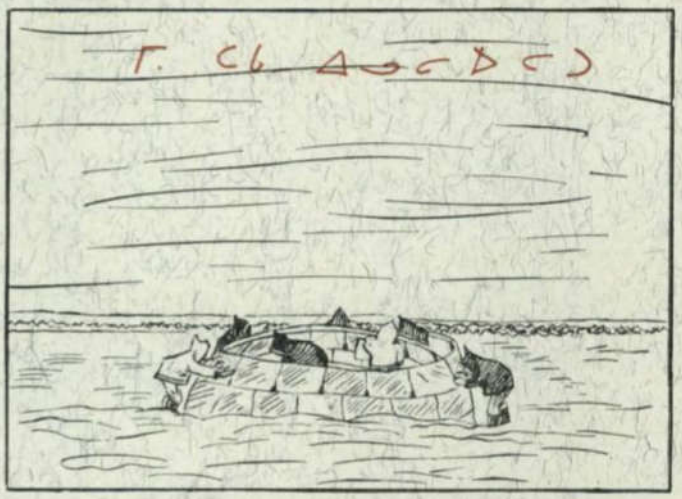
17. We stop to rest. Some want to go on and up; if you stop your wet feet will freeze. If accidents, with God's help we shall get hom



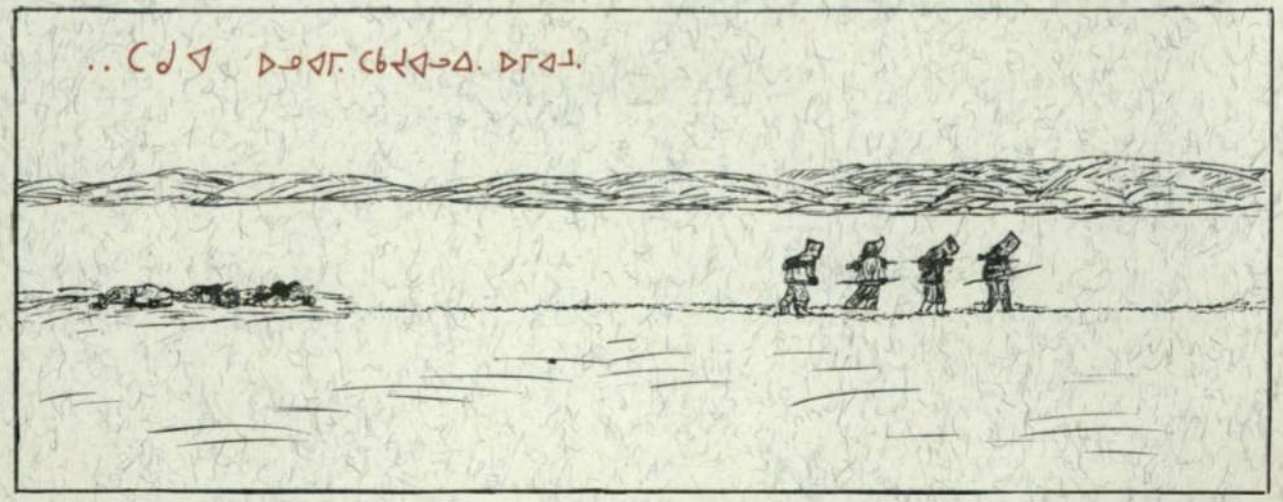
11. It is early morning. We are tired from dragging the sled. We know we are going in the right direction because sometimes we see the sun, moon or stars. We decide to abandon the sled and kayak. We stop to remove the skin from the kayak which we shall use to keep us warm when we sleep. We are anxious to go faster because we think that the land is still far away.



14. —by dog-team it would take two days. Round the island of Kovik the ice is very rough and the snow is deep. We agree that as soon as we reach smooth ice we shall stop and make a snow-house.

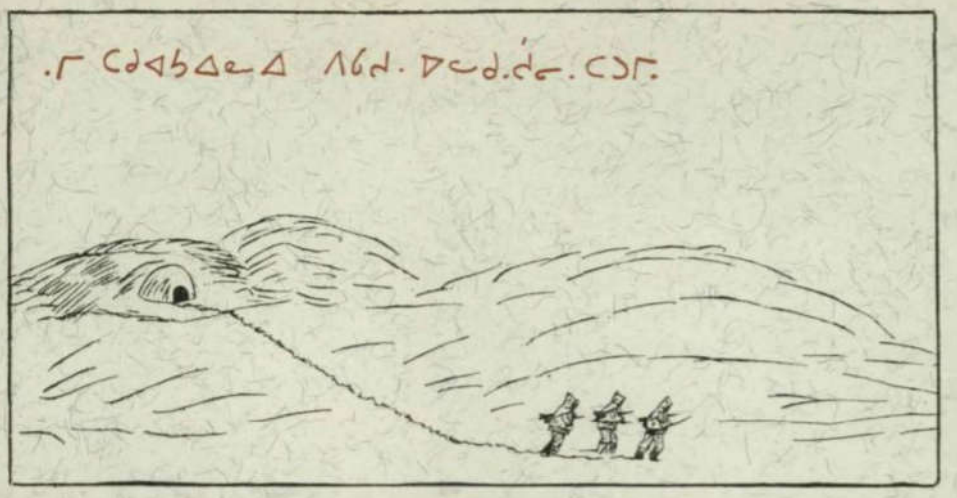


15. We are almost starving. We are cold and sleepy and our legs ache. It is late at night when we reach the smooth ice and we build our house. The weather is extremely cold.

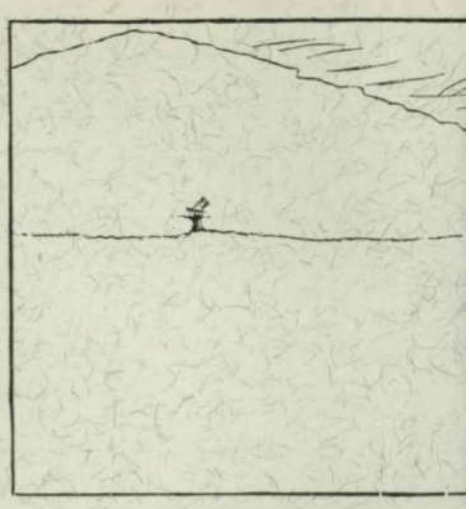


ay "Wake
have no

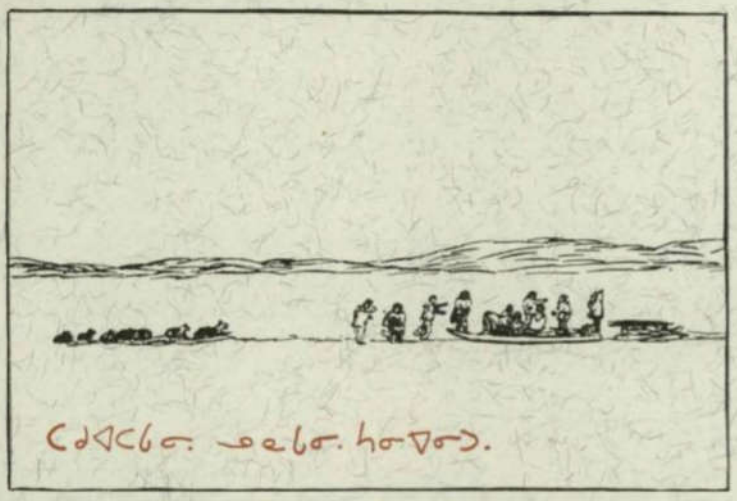
18. During the night we stop again to rest. We wish to get to the boats at Kettlestone Bay and while some of us sleep the others go on. When we wake we find that Thomassie, Peemyooktoo and I have been left behind. We cannot find the tracks of the others in the dark. They came back but could find nothing. We build a snow-house.



19. We set off again when it is still dark. We want to catch up with the others as we do not think they could have arrived at the boats. We do not want to be left too far behind.



20. We arrive at the boats. It
there. The others are all sound
warmer here than in a snow-h



22. We see a dog-team next to the land. It is Amamatuak's sons. They share their food with us. We have tea, meat and tobacco. There is much noise as we talk and ask questions.

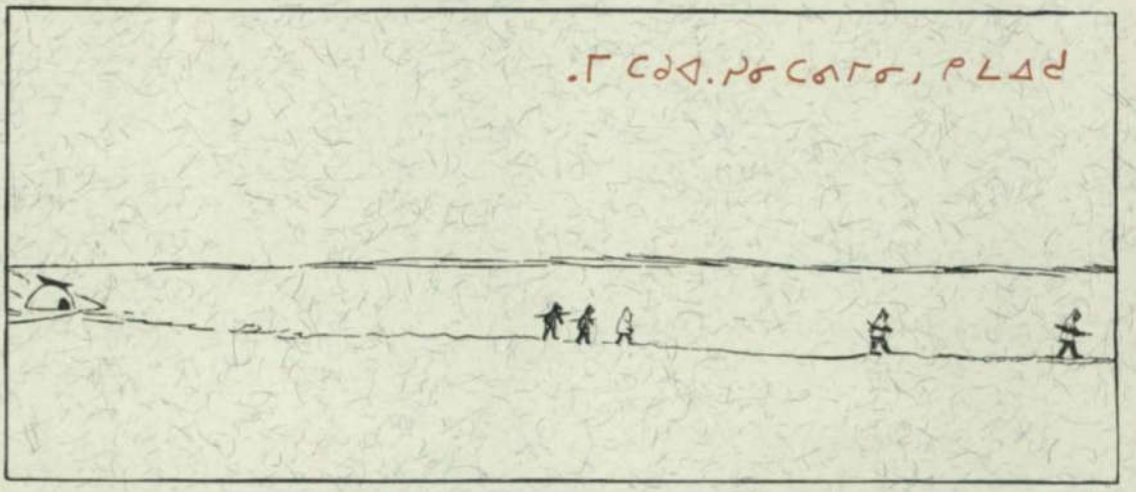
23. After we eat we feel warm. We leave the teams ar
over land. We stop at a lake and build a snow-house
We think that if the weather is fine we shall get home

25. In the early morning we come to a house that is all alone on the lake. It is so small that we cannot all go in together. The occupants are very hungry. Markossie Eitoo, the only man in the household, has a komatik but his dogs are starving as there is no food for them.

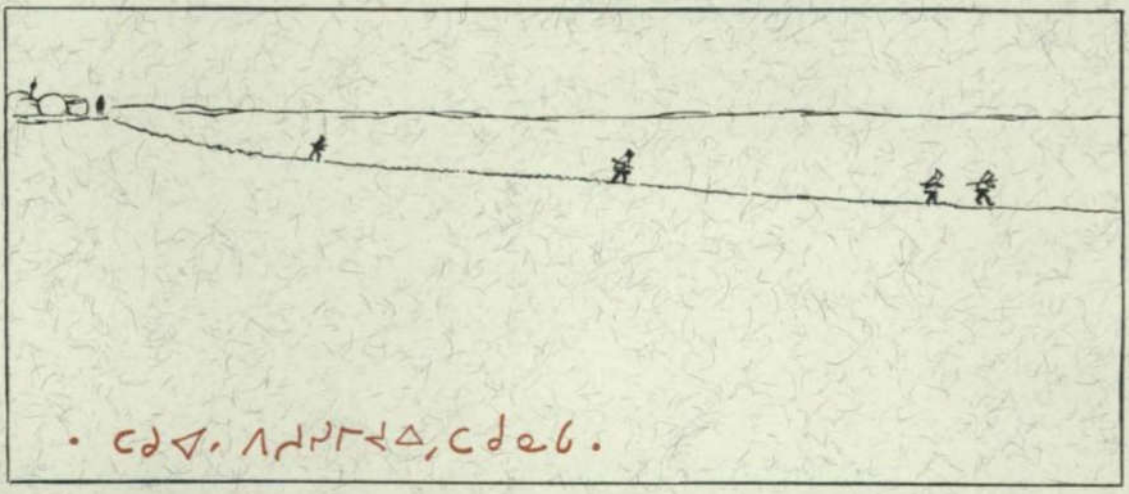
is late in the day. It looks as if there is nobody
asleep wrapped in rags found in the boat. It is
ouse. When we get there they awaken.

21. We set off all together dragging our rifles and harpoons on a small sled. We have not much rope so we take turns pulling it.

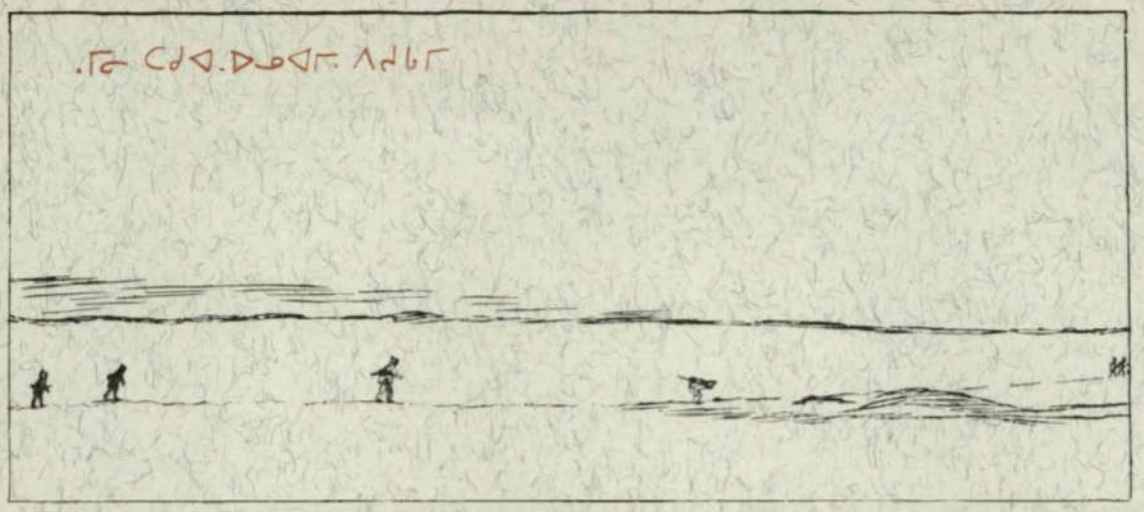
start travelling
where we sleep.
omorrow.



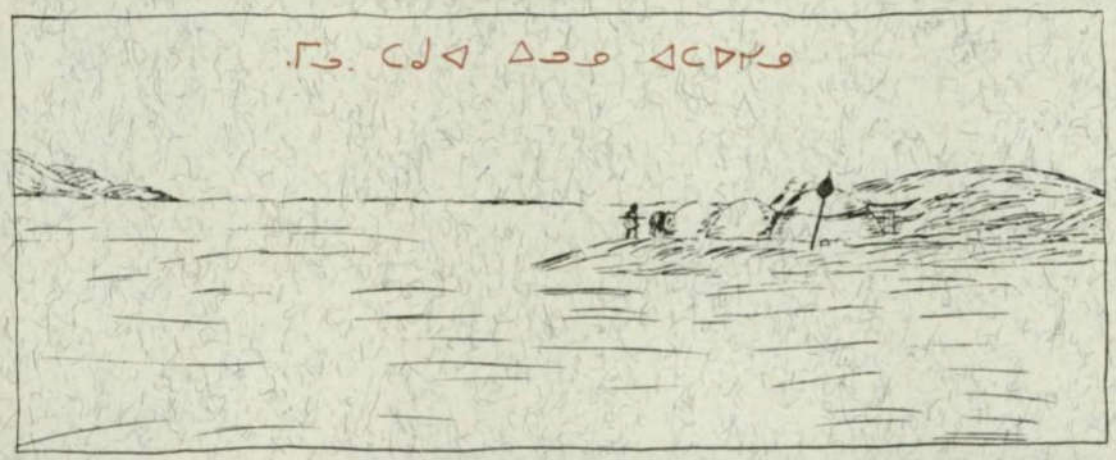
24. We leave our snow-house. We want to walk. We want to get home tonight. The younger ones walk ahead as they go faster than the older men. The small sled was becoming too heavy so we leave it at the lake.



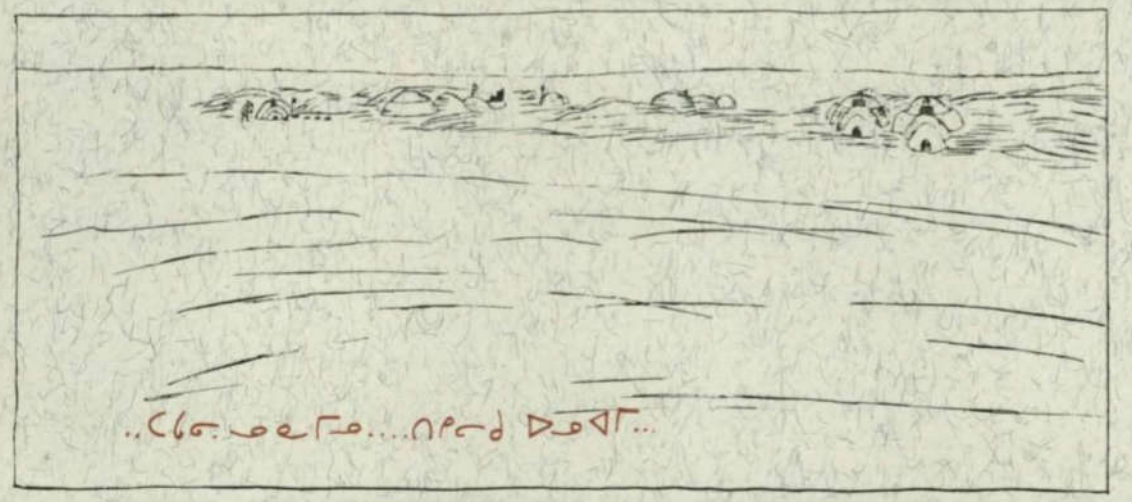
26. Markossie Eitoo and his family live all alone far from the white man. We leave the house without eating anything. It would have taken too long to heat water for tea so we have only a drop of cold water before going on.



27. It is getting dark but we keep on walking for we wish to get home. I dream I am home with my family. My shirt has just been washed and has fallen off the line. I lean over to pick it up. I try hard to see it. I open my eyes and I am leaning over a rock. It is only a rock! I want to go home.



28. We come to a house. There is one family here, Amamatuak, the father of Lucassie who is with us. They are all asleep. They wake up. They are happy that we arrive. We eat square-flipper meat, rolled oats and drink tea. We borrow boots from them. We are not tired or sleepy any more. We walk on again through the moonlit night.



29. We arrive home at twelve o'clock. Our families who had longed for us for such a long time are very thankful.

We had been away from home for eight days but for us those days seemed much longer. For a long time after our return some of us were in bed as we had suffered much and were very weak. We heard later that there had been planes looking for us. Everyone thought we had been lost but by God's grace we returned safely.

Since our arrival I have worked on my drawings and my story. I am sure some could have told the story better as I am not a story teller. There is much I have not told for it is impossible to tell it all.

Mr. McCook of the Ottawa "Journal" has written a number of articles on the sidelights of western history.

Ned McGowan's War

BY JAMES McCOOK

The 'war' that fizzled out was just another problem on the Fraser River during the gold rush.

THE only good thing about Ned McGowan was his horse. Years after "Ned McGowan's War" had become a wry joke, the Skinner children at Constance Cove on Vancouver Island were taught to ride on the roan with the white stripe on its nose. It was gentle but full of spirit. Nothing but the best would please Ned.

He was not a man of sentiment, not by any means, but he may have spared a sigh for the horse when he left British Columbia to return to California in 1859 carrying $4,700 in gold in his poke—"not bad for an old man of fifty."

Having a bitter tongue, he might have remarked that the horse would have been as competent in enforcing British law as the two clownish justices of the peace at Fort Yale where he had enjoyed himself for a year.

Instead of clipping his wings they clipped their own.

Ned, a lawyer who had been a judge in California, knew the full measure of their pomposity and stupidity.

He himself was an expert with revolver and knife, a Pennsylvania printer with a gift of the gab, a savage man with vicious temper and easy graces. He had vision in rascality and he carved himself a little empire on the Fraser River and, with Canadian courts in the Fort Yale district a laughing-stock, he might have held and expanded that empire until such time as he thought fit to add it to the United States.

Along the Canadian river in 1858 the American miners outnumbered the British citizens nine to one. May 24, the Queen's birthday, was only a mild warm-up for the July 1 Independence Day celebration along the gold bars where he was king.

The Vigilantes had brought the miners to heel in California, but in Canada there were no such hindrances to dirty work. Yet in the end Ned was beaten by the British justice at which he laughed, the "Englishmen" he said he would defy and the little band of soldiers and marines who could have been no match for his marksmen.

Ned, being nothing if not smart, knew in 1859 that the time had come to sell his horse and go.

The whole affair at Fort Yale in the dying days of 1858 and early 1859 never rated the title of "war" given it by British Columbia historians. Not a shot was fired, even by Ned, who was willing. It was a fantastic muddle and when the real British authorities became aware of the trouble they still thought of Ned as "Mr. McGowan," a man of influence.

Ned played his hand badly. At a crucial moment he became so infected with excitement that he beat up Dr.

Fifer on the street when Lt.-Col. R. C. Moody, Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of British Columbia*, and Judge Matthew Begbie, were practically within earshot. That was a mistake. The British officials never called him "Mr. McGowan" again.

The first news of the "war" came, when 1859 was a few days old, to ex-Chief Factor James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver Island, who had been made Governor of the Colony of British Columbia—the mainland—six weeks before. The latter appointment had been made necessary by the invasion of the Fraser Valley by from 25,000 to 30,000 rip-snorting gold-miners from California.

The fur-trader must have furrowed his brow in bewilderment as he read a letter dated December 31 which had come in from "Captain" P. B. Whannell, J.P. at Fort Yale.

This was the stranger who had turned up on the coast a few months before and told of the commission he held in an Australian cavalry unit. He impressed the Governor who needed men with military experience. Douglas made Whannell justice of the peace at Fort Yale without being able to check his background. It would have been different had he known that the colonel of the Australian unit, having read of Whannell's appointment in Canada, was to declare he had never been an officer but only a trooper, and had skipped from Melbourne with another man's wife, leaving his own spouse and family in poverty.

Whannell wrote to the Governor in blind rage.

On December 24, he reported, a notorious character named William Foster had celebrated Christmas Eve by shooting a miner, Bernard Rice, and vanishing. Whannell closed the Fort Yale gambling dens and saloons and swore in special constables to assist the search. He also invited the assistance of his neighbour justice of the peace, George Perrier, who held court at Hill's Bar, the undisputed kingdom of Ned McGowan and his gang.

This apparently reasonable request led P. B. Whannell, J.P., straight into court before G. Perrier, J.P., who fined him.

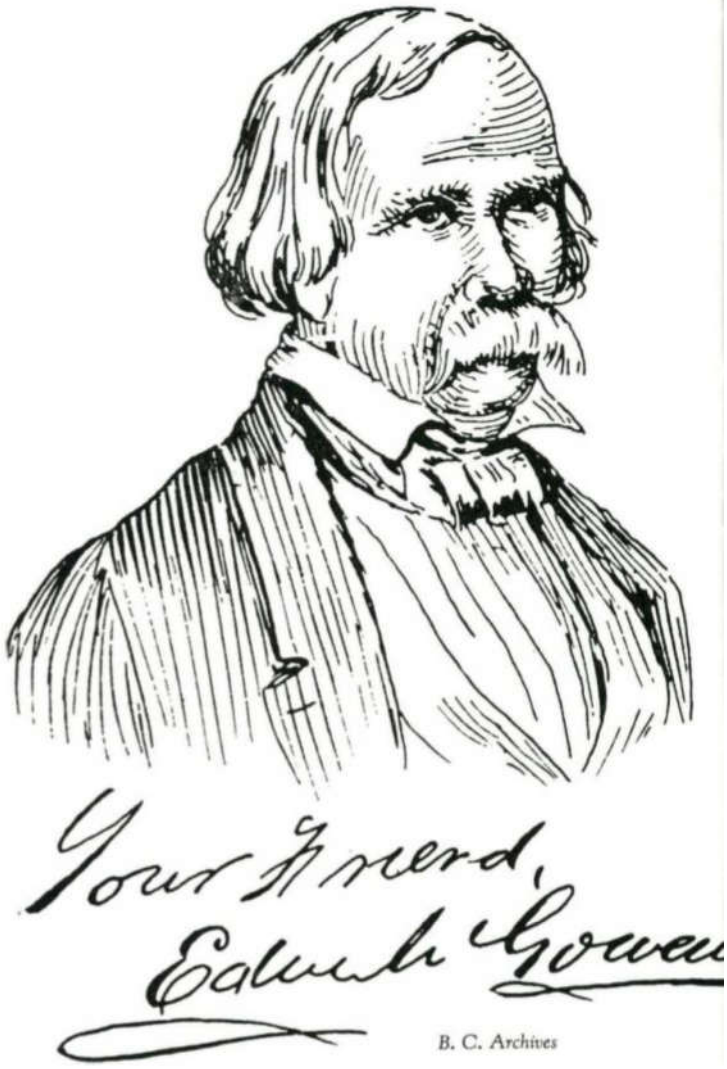
History saith not what differences there may have been between the justices of the peace before Christmas Eve. Almost certainly there were differences. Whannell was a rigid judge who handed out harsh sentences. Perrier had to live in a community where none challenged the authority of Ned McGowan, the American bad man. Evidently he had made adjustments in his conscience and in time of need unhesitatingly turned to Ned for assistance.

All that Whannell wanted from Perrier was a couple of prisoners. Instead of co-operating Perrier sent back a constable, Hickson, to ask Whannell to surrender a witness he held at Fort Yale. Whannell, indignant, told the constable to return to Hill's Bar and bring back the two men he wanted. When the constable said he could not do that without Perrier's order, Whannell put him in jail for contempt.

When the word got to Hill's Bar, where the community spirit was strong, there was a great to-do.

We have noted that Ned McGowan liked the best and it is only natural that in coming to Canada he should settle on the richest bar on the Fraser River. Three men said they had taken 46 pounds of gold from their claims there in four months—the tribute paid Ned McGowan unstated. This was his bailiwick, not only the bar in the river but land along the shore. Richard Hicks, the Crown land agent at Fort Yale, himself no ornament of this frontier society, had reported to the Governor that he had tried in vain to confine Ned to the bar in the river, but the American had assumed control of the river bank and nearby flats as well.

The feud between Hicks and McGowan, viewed from the Governor's offices in Victoria, had gone in the Ameri-



B. C. Archives

*Col. Moody, commanding officer of the Royal Engineers in B.C., held a dormant commission as lieutenant-governor of the colony.

can's favour. Hicks appeared to have been engaged in feathering his own nest in land deals and Ned, as horrified as only a scoundrel can be at another's wrong-doing, obtained space in a Victoria newspaper with a set of miners' resolutions from Hill's Bar giving his own interpretation of what was out of line at Fort Yale.

McGowan could fight with many weapons and his publicity campaign had Hicks on the defensive, writing to defend himself to the Governor, who read the paper.

McGowan once talked with Judge Begbie who reported to the Governor that no one liked Hicks and added: "Even Mr. Edward Macgowan, who does him the honour of preferring him to Capt. Whannell, alleges his reason to be because he prefers dealing with a knave rather than a fool."

The Governor continued to read Whannell's letter: "I have also to inform your Excellency that Edward McGowan came up this day [December 31] to this town at the head of a lawless band of ruffians; broke open the Jail and liberated a Prisoner, in the person of Hickson, Constable at Hill's Bar, whom I committed this day for contempt of court and insubordination."

Informed his constable was arrested, Perrier had lost no time in calling in his supporters. He swore out a warrant for the arrest of the Fort Yale justice of the peace. He might, if he had looked hard, have found a number of upright men to serve as special constables. But to make sure his warrant was effectively served he swore in as constables Ned McGowan and his associates, every one of them armed with revolvers and stabbing knives.

These were "notorious characters," Whannell protested in his letter. It was an under-statement. Begbie said the lives of some of them would not be worth an hour's purchase on any street in San Francisco. As they sloshed through the snow and mud up the river to Fort Yale the McGowan gang must have thought it fine sport. As special constables they could be violent legally, for the first time in their lives.

The next part of Whannell's letter made the Governor decide to act promptly: "This town and district are in a state bordering on anarchy; my own and the lives of the citizens are in imminent peril. I beg your Excellency will afford us prompt aid. . . . An effective blow must at once be struck on the operations of these outlaws, else I tremble for the welfare of this Colony."

After that, it was anti-climax for Whannell to say he would quit if it was not convenient to send an armed force forthwith.

This was one side of the story. Perrier also had taken pen in hand and within a few days his letter was in the hands of the harassed Governor. It said that the gaoling of the Hill's Bar constable was "an Insult to me as a Magistrate and likewise a contempt of my Court, and as I considered it my Duty to preserve the Dignity of my Court I issued a warrant for the arrest of Capt. Whannel for Contempt, and also an order for the release of Constable Hickson. Capt. Whannel appeared before me."

This obviously left a good deal unsaid. Nothing is here about who advised this violent action to deal with the "contempt." Could it have been the lawyer McGowan advising the local justice of the peace who badly needed advice? And there is nothing in the Perrier letter about the forcing of the Fort Yale gaol or the triumphal return to Hill's Bar of the special constables with Whannell as prisoner. There is no mention of the $25 fine imposed on Whannell, who paid, doubtless because he wanted elbow room to write the Governor.

Governor Douglas could not then view the situation lightly. From Whannell and other sources he had been given reason to believe a deep-seated conspiracy was afoot to take the Fraser country from Britain and annex it to the United States. Douglas had acute memory of how Americans kindly received by the Hudson's Bay Company farther down the coast, had successfully claimed the land for the United States when their numbers were large enough.

In October Hicks had reported that McGowan had been trying to "excite the miners to revolt, and I can prove that he has asserted that Your Excellency had better mind your business in Victoria, for that he was the ruler of Hill's Bar, and that if the miners would only stand by him he would put all Englishmen to defiance and, with words not fit to name, openly declares he will be master of Hill's Bar."

Ned was still "Mr. McGowan" to the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Judge. They had assembled a few Royal Engineers, the first of those sent out for British Columbian duty, and borrowed a few Marines from a visiting Royal Navy ship. Moody and Begbie, on the Governor's instructions, went with this scratch force up about a hundred miles of river—the Fraser, always difficult, being made more troublesome by ice.

They were under no illusions about what would happen if the miners decided to fight. A few months before, the Californians, tired of Indian raids, had mobilized an efficient volunteer army which brought the redskins to terms in quick order. The miners did not like the savage Indians, and they had no affection for the British, even when on British soil.

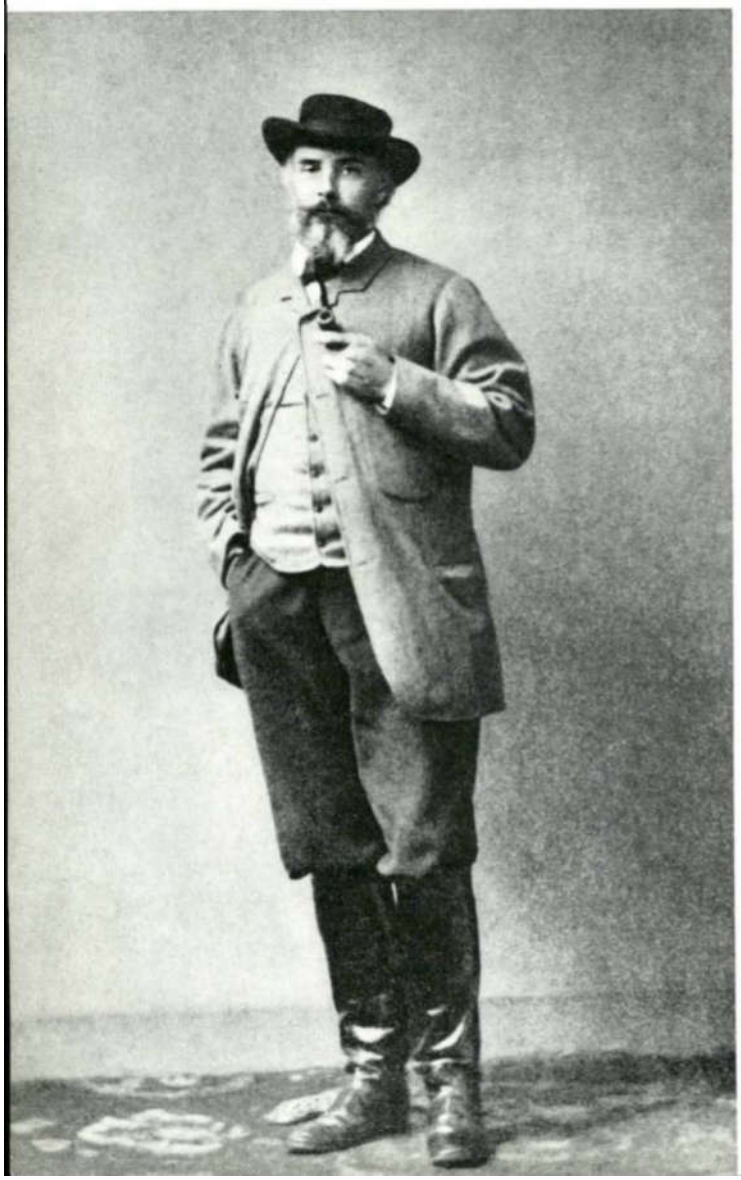
The Lieutenant-Governor and Judge decided on the gentle approach. They left the Engineers and Marines at Hope, a day's journey from Fort Yale, and went on with

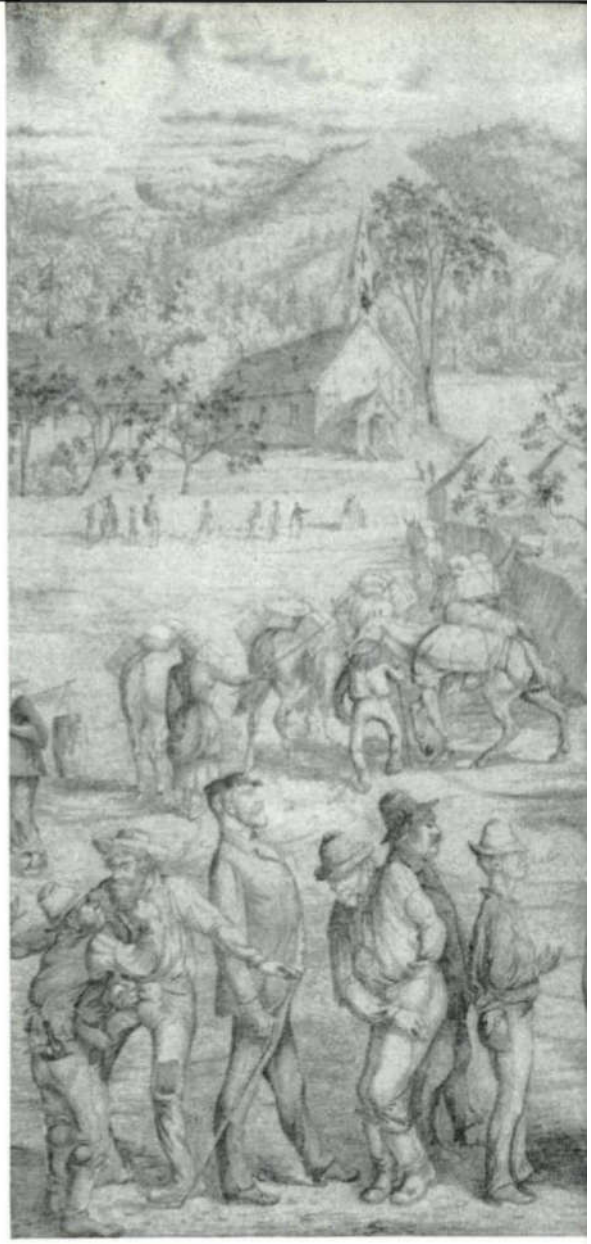
one or two companions to spy out the land. Instead of a "war," they found Fort Yale peaceful enough.

Their first step was to suspend Perrier as J.P. When the Hill's Bar miners heard this there was what Col. Moody described as "considerable excitement." Ned was among the armed men parading the muddy streets and when he encountered Dr. Fifer "violently assaulted" him. Dr. Fifer was supposed to have been a Vigilante in California and if there was anything Ned disliked it was Vigilantes.

One or two days before, on their way up the river, Moody and Begbie had written the Governor that the information they picked up on the way had been "all on the side of what may be called Mr. Ned McGowan's faction."

Matthew Baillie Begbie, first judge in the colony of British Columbia, administered justice in an unorthodox but vigorous manner. *B. C. Archives*

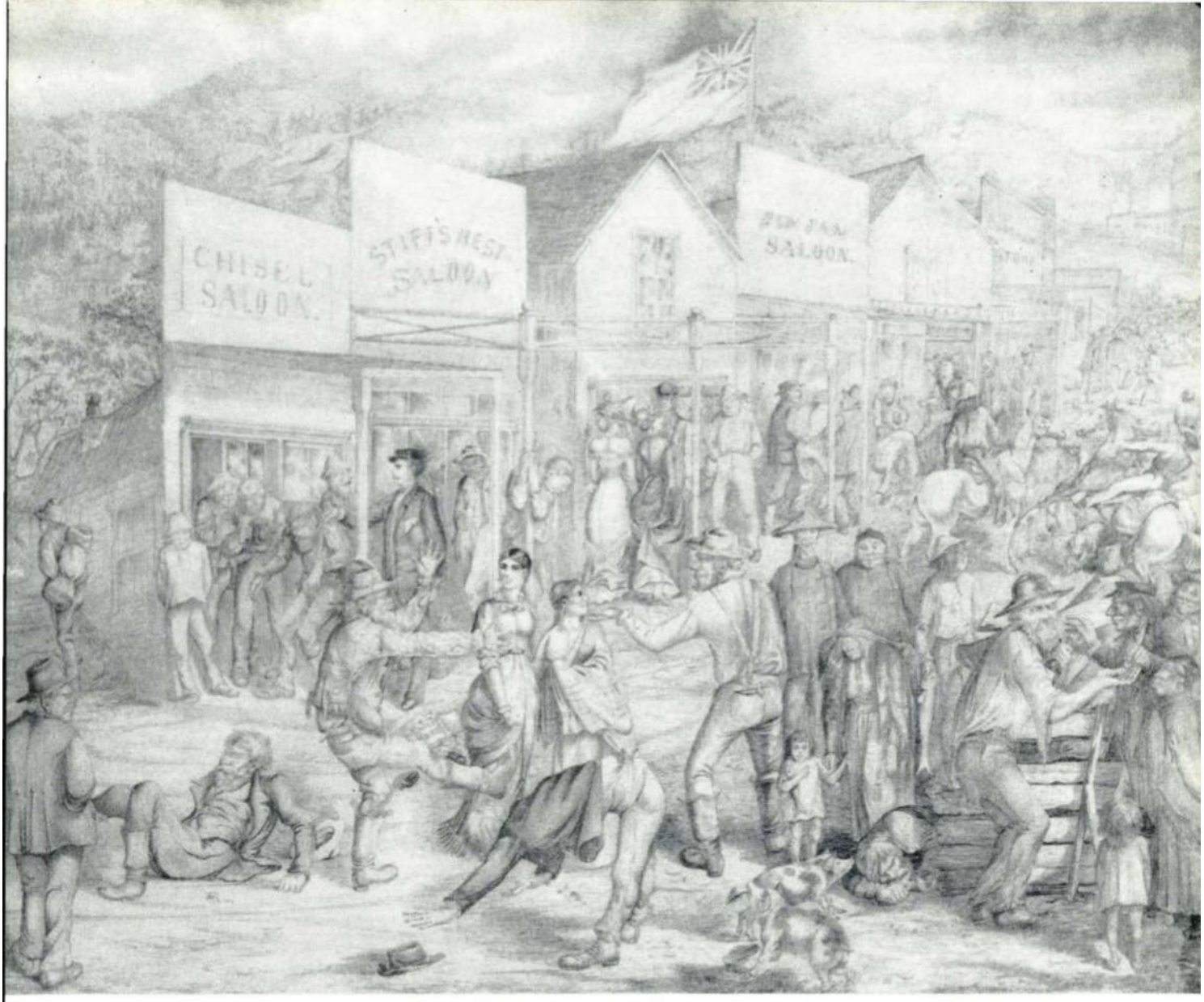




Public Archives of Canada

But this assault was defiance. Unless the law could be enforced against Ned it never would be enforced. An aide, Lieut. R. C. Mayne, was sent to Hope to bring up the men. These valiants marched or rowed all night and when they arrived, ready for action, Fort Yale again experienced a "little excitement." But there were no serious incidents. Ned was biding his time. Perhaps he thought Moody and Begbie no more formidable than Whannell and Perrier; in that he made a fatal mistake.

The two officials proceeded to serve summonses on McGowan and a man named Kelly for forcing the gaol, although they were doubtful the charge could be sustained in court. They had no doubt the assault charge against Ned could be sustained.



This drawing of Fort Yale was made by an unknown artist about twenty years after Ned McGowan's time. The settlement does not seem to have changed much though miners have been replaced by construction workers for the proposed railway.

Perrier explained at length, pleading provocation as extenuation of a gross error in sending the posse to force the Fort Yale gaol.

The officials and their force must have watched warily as the miners started to gather at a mass meeting. A deputation, speaking for 200 men, appeared at the lodging house where the Lieutenant-Governor and Judge were staying and, with much elaborate courtesy, invited them to attend. They accepted at once.

They heard an address read, at first "with a good many epithets," attacking Whannell. Moody interrupted the speaker, a McGowan lieutenant named Wilson, and told him to eliminate the epithets; otherwise it was, the visitors reported, an excellent speech.

Crafty Ned had decided it was wise to express great esteem for British justice and resolutions were passed declaring confidence in the law, support for the British administration and promising assistance in maintaining it. This done, a resolution was passed impeaching Whannell. Moody and Begbie had decided independently that Whannell's sentences had been unduly severe. They did not like miners walking about wearing revolvers, but even less did they like the sight of Whannell presiding in court with a revolver in his belt.

McGowan paid his fine for assault and, to the satisfaction of Judge Begbie, publicly expressed his regret and his intention to observe the law in future. The Judge recognized the value of these remarks coming from "a

Gold miners like these crowded the Fraser bars and worked on to the Cariboo. *B. C. Archives*

man reputed to be of violent character, and made without any compulsion whatever, and in the presence of a large crowd of men over whom he exercises a very considerable influence, and therefore possessing much more weight with these bystanders than any words of mine."

The court could hardly punish Ned and his men for what they had done in gaol-forcing at the command of a justice of the peace. That charge was dismissed. The court adjourned in an atmosphere of goodwill.

Ned probably did not know he had been beaten. Perhaps he thought the *status quo* of lawlessness would be restored when the Lieutenant-Governor and the Judge, and their men, took their departure.

He may well have been deceived by a visit the day after his appearance in court when, according to Lieut. Mayne, this officer accompanied by none other than the Judge went to Hill's Bar and McGowan, playing the affable host to admiration, showed them the process of washing gold "and invited us to a collation in his hut, where we drank champagne with some twelve or fifteen of his California mining friends." Mayne said he had "rarely lunched with a better spoken, pleasanter party."

This was the roughneck in another guise. McGowan in his amiable voice may have spoken of the days when he was a member of the Pennsylvania state legislature at an early age, but he would not have mentioned how he disturbed the state by a savage verbal attack on the state governor. And he certainly would not have mentioned that when a newspaper dared to defend the governor he called on the editor and stabbed him.

He might also have mentioned to his guests that he had been a captain of police in Philadelphia but he would not have recalled that this episode ended when he fled to California with a general suspicion that he had assisted a bank holdup.

Begbie, sipping champagne on Hill's Bar, had made up his mind about McGowan. And about Whannell, Perrier and Hicks. The two justices of the peace and the Crown land agent all were dismissed.

When Moody and Begbie had taken their departure with expressions of esteem all round, McGowan soon discovered he had to face a different type of man in Chartres Brew, chief inspector of police, who promptly assessed McGowan in this way: "I think he is a bad fellow who can only be restrained by fear."

On February 20, 1859, Brew reported that there would be a ball at Fort Yale on February 28 in honour of Washington's birthday, and "McGowan and others have promised me that good order shall prevail upon the occasion."

On March 5 Brew reported that Ned had left the country.

The most detailed convenient account of McGowan's life and times is found in Judge F. W. Howay's *The Early History of the Fraser River Mines*, and this relates how he became a political power in California in 1849 with the use of gun and knife, assisted by a ballot box with false bottom and sides. He served as a justice of the peace and, in 1851, became an associate justice of the court of quarter sessions.

This office he resigned to give his full time to the underworld and he leaped into prominence in 1856 when James P. Casey shot the esteemed James King of William and brought the San Francisco Vigilantes out in force to hang him. The Vigilantes sought McGowan as an accessory and even pursued him into Mexico in their enthusiasm. When the excitement died down, McGowan returned to California and arranged to have his trial as accessory staged in Napa County where, the story goes, an obliging jury acquitted him on the grounds that King had not been murdered but died because insufficient treatment was given him by the doctor called to treat the wound inflicted by Casey.

In 1857 McGowan was the publisher of a scurrilous newspaper even the tolerant San Francisco police deemed unfit for circulation, and he wrote a book about his "persecution" by the Vigilantes. There is another story that as McGowan boarded the boat for Canada a bullet flicked his coat-tails to speed him on his way.

McGowan talked of himself as an old man when he left Canada but he had 34 years to live. He became a printer and publisher in Tucson, Arizona, and then returned to the East to become—he always landed on his feet—assistant sergeant-at-arms in the House of Representatives.

About 1883 he again appeared in San Francisco and there he died in 1893, described by Judge Howay as "a penniless, garrulous and, strange to say, pious old man."◆

SUMMER PACKET

Wrong Number

In the last issue, as some observant readers noticed, we slipped a cog and announced ourselves as Outfit 268. That set us back just 21 years, so we turned back to see what the *Beaver* held then. We found it an issue in which all the contributors were members of the Fur Trade staff—and a fine thing they made of it. It contained the outstanding article by Paddy Gibson (who died in 1942) on Franklin's last voyage and the searches which established the facts—the fruit of deep study and personal investigation. There were humorous reminiscences of a trader's life on the Labrador; a piece on the 125th anniversary of Kamloops (well ahead of B.C.'s centennial even then) and pictures of paddlewheelers on the Mackenzie River, which had then been operating for 50 years. That jolted us on to the present. The first steamboat began to ply the river for the H B C in 1887—and 70 years later the last trip under the Company's flag was made. This year the Mackenzie River Transport was sold to the Northern Transportation Company. Diesel tugs, steel barges, and two yards were involved—the old Mackenzie Hotel had been closed down last year when a modern hotel opened to look after travellers and river men at Fort Smith.

River traffic on the Mackenzie had been part of the H B C transportation network since early days, when canoe and York boat were the vehicles. The last York boat was used there in 1886. The peak of activity was reached in 1942 when the Canol project was under way. That year the vessels of the Fur Trade Department carried half the urgently needed freight, a total of 25,000 tons in one season. For many years Mackenzie River Transport operated as a common carrier, but transportation has always been incidental to the Company's business and after the war M.R.T. served only Hudson's Bay Company requirements.

So another phase is ended—the river boats no longer carry the red ensign with H B C on the fly and the yarns of the river men in future will have another tag.

H B Tea

Dried leaves of the Chinese camellia, described successively as Tcha, tay, tee, and tea, were first brought to England about 1650. It was ten years later that Samuel Pepys at his navy office in Seething Lane led a great talk on the interest of this Kingdom to have a peace with Spain and a war with France and Holland: "And afterwards I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink) of which I never had drank before." Thomas Garway, founder of the Coffee House (Garraway's) where later the first sale of H B C furs was held, was the first English tea dealer and he put out a broadsheet in 1659 or '60 describing the "Growth and Virtues of the Leaf Tea."

In this year of 1660 the first tax was levied on the new beverage. This tax was assessed on the liquid form at eight pence a gallon but was altered to three pence a pound on the dried leaves and Boston Harbour "black with unexpected tea" was a notable consequence.

The serving of tea in commercial offices may have begun with the H B C. Mr. West, secretary to the Company, was given the silver teapot of the office when he retired. His successor was Mr. William Potter and on 29 November 1717 the Minutes recorded the re-election of Mr. William Potter as secretary and the instructions to him to provide, at the Company's expense, a silver teapot for the use of the Committee. The teapot was to become Mr. Potter's property when he left the Company's service.

The first shipment of tea to Canada arrived at York Factory in 1716, sent from England where it had been imported from China. When the trans-Canada railway was completed, the first eastbound freight in 1886 was tea from the Orient for North America and Europe. So tea at last circled the world.

Pictures On Rocks

Have *you* come across a pictograph? These mysterious paintings on rock occur in many out of the way parts of Canada. Examination of as many as possible may help to explain the origin and meaning of these intriguing signs. If any of our readers know of one, Selwyn Dewdney would very much appreciate hearing about it. Write to him at 27 Erie Avenue, London, Ontario.

Whose Hat?

The article about the Northwest Passage in the spring issue referred to the island of Pitulik "which was said to mean hat," in Queen Maud Gulf. It seems there was confusion. Hat Island is there all right, and it was known as Hat Island, from its shape, to Major Burwash who investigated the area for the government in 1925-6. However, we have it from L. A. Learmonth (expert on Arctic matters after a lifetime spent in the north) that the local Eskimo name for the island, *Putulik* or *Poo-too-lik*, means place with a hole, or cave, referring to a shallow cave in the Hat Island hill. On some earlier charts and maps this floating hat appears as Nordenskjold's Island, the name given to it by Amundsen in 1905.

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AS AN IMPERIAL FACTOR, 1821-1869.

University of Toronto Press, and University of California Press, 1957. 500 pp. $6.75.

Reviewed by Clifford Wilson

HERE is a fine piece of historical scholarship—a very notable addition to the list of books dealing with the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. But whereas the other books on this subject have dealt with the major part of the story—or all of it—this deals with the period of its greatest power, from the amalgamation of the old Hudson's Bay Company with the North West Company, to the end of the "Great Monopoly."

As professor of British Empire History at the University of California, the author writes with authority when he states at the very beginning of Chapter I: "The expansion of the British Empire has been largely motivated by the energies of the mercantile class. Far more important to the shaping of British Imperial policy than the secretaries and undersecretaries of state often credited with its formulation were hundreds of men in the commercial community, most of them unknown to history, who created the conditions upon which that policy was based." And he closes Part I with the statement that "In its expansion and in its demise, the Great Monopoly was an important factor in International politics for over fifty years."

For thirty-four of the forty-eight years under review, George Simpson was the executive head of the Company's operations in North America, and as such he is the central character in the story. But Professor Galbraith, writing with the dispassionate analysis of the academic historian, does not lionize him as other writers have done. If anything, he does the opposite. "Simpson," he writes, "had two loyalties—to his Company and to himself—and he served both with great ability and complete devotion." But while he accuses the governor of some pretty sharp practices, he points out that his business ethics "were in no way reprehensible by the moral standards of the century." "The Company's success," he observes, "was not derived from exploitation of the innocent savage or from sharp dealings in shoddy merchandise. . . . The most important factors in its success were long experience and intelligent management."

The burden of Part I of the book is a demonstration of how the Company protected its monopoly in Rupert's Land by fighting its battles on three frontiers—those of Canada, of the country between Sault Ste. Marie and Red River, and of the far west. This policy is illustrated again and again across the continent, and might be summed up in sentences from pages 89 and 77: "On all its frontiers the Company endeavored to eliminate the supply of fur bearing animals as rapidly as possible to dissuade competitors from penetrating into the interior of its domain." And "The Company's fur trade in Rupert's Land was saved, not by the exercise of its chartered rights, but by reliance upon effective competition against the free traders in the frontier districts." On page 44 he gives figures for the Montreal Department, which stretched from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Lake Huron, showing that in the trading year 1862-1863 it suffered a net loss of $20,527, only one post (Mingan) showing a profit.

Part II deals with the Company's relations with Russia—of particular interest at the present time. By the treaty signed in February 1825, the Hudson's Bay Company was granted "unchallenged control of the vast interior of New Caledonia," and given "the means to intercept and undercut the trade of its Russian rivals"—much to the discomfiture of the Russian-American Company.

Part III is concerned with the Oregon question and its aftermath, and Professor Galbraith deals equally competently with this always fascinating subject. In the settlement of the dispute with the United States, the Peel cabinet supported the Hudson's Bay Company because it was British, though they disapproved of the principle of monopoly. Sir George Simpson composed a memorandum on the subject which was sent to the Foreign Office, and which Galbraith quotes at length. Two and one-half months later the Oregon Treaty was signed.

Part IV is entitled "The Last Years of the Monopoly," and deals with the growth of the Red River troubles, the clamour from Canadians to be allowed to settle in the Company's domains, and the sale of the old Company to the International Financial Society. Here Galbraith makes the pungent observation that "The opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company to colonization was not so serious a deterrent to the settlement of southern Rupert's Land as were the superior attractions of the American West, and the frowning face of nature between Canada and the Hudson's Bay territories. It was not until after the completion of the C.P.R. and the exhaustion of free land in the United States that the great migration to the Canadian prairies took place."

The book is handsomely designed and printed, and is documented with great thoroughness, the footnotes occupying almost forty-seven of the five hundred pages.

Clifford Wilson, historian of the H B C and long-time editor of The Beaver is now director of Western Canadiana at the Glenbow Foundation, Calgary.

THE SKEENA, RIVER OF DESTINY
by R. Geddes Large

Mitchell Press, Vancouver. 180 pages. $3.50.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

THERE is no doubt that Dr. Large's book makes a valuable contribution to the history of a long-neglected region. Being a native son, born in Bella Bella, he inherited from his father a keen interest in the Indians and their past, and as a result he is able to write of these people with a perception and confidence often lacking in the work of men less familiar with their subject.

Nor is his knowledge confined to the field of anthropology, for he has travelled continuously and widely in this part of British Columbia, and knew most of the old-timers personally. He has read extensively in his field, and gives his authorities in a series of notes at the end of the book. Dr. Large will be remembered as the author of *Soogwillis*, which appeared in 1951, and his readers will, I feel sure, agree that *The Skeena* is a much more important book, one which will long remain the first authority on this area. It is unfortunate that it was not edited more carefully, for there are a number of slips of the pen that jar the sensibilities. There is no scale on the otherwise excellent end-paper map.

The section on steamboating on the Skeena is of particular value, as is the history of the various missions and missionaries, even if the account of their activities does appear to be unduly de-

tailed. There are numerous illustrations, many of them of great interest, and they are well reproduced. The index, though somewhat incomplete, is a useful addition to a book which will find a place on the shelf of any student of the history of B.C.

Dr. Leechman, author of "Native Tribes of Canada" and former archaeologist with the National Museum, has worked in all parts of British Columbia.

ONE DAY AT A TIME, the autobiography of Robert John Renison.

Edited by Margaret Blackstock

Kingswood House, Toronto, 1957. 322 pages. $5.00.

Reviewed by J. W. Anderson

THE name of Robert John Renison, who died last October, will go down in history as one of the pioneers of the Anglican Church in Canada's great Northland. Born in Ireland in 1875, it could be said that Renison started his missionary career at the age of five when, with his missionary parents, he moved from Ireland to Lake Nipigon in 1880. He retired as Archbishop of Moosonee and Metropolitan of Ontario on September 8, 1954. Here we have a span of 74 years Such a vast experience—such a wealth of wisdom.

This book is the autobiography of Robert John Renison and although he was one of the Princes of the Church we find therein no high sounding pronouncements on the affairs of the Church and no sermonizing. Just a jolly good story of the day to day life of a man who started out as a missionary, transferred to big city churches and returned again to the mission field in his advancing years. Naturally, the most interesting part of the book is of the early days. For, be it noted, the Renison family went to the mission on Lake Nipigon *before* the advent of the C.P.R. As Renison himself says, the living was primitive but nevertheless civilized and there was no hardship. All through the biography the Archbishop brings out the fact that none of the true "northerners" considered themselves romantic, whether they were missionaries or traders. They had work to do and went about doing it, gathering their satisfactions as they went. In 1898 Renison and his two missionary brothers started their careers by journeying by canoe from Nipigon to Albany on James Bay, thence on foot to Moose Factory, even then an ancient H B C post which Renison describes as the first capital of the British Empire in Canada. Just think of that for a romantic tale. And there are many others like it throughout the autobiography. And Renison is a good story teller, with a delightful touch of Irish wit.

This reviewer first met Renison at Moose Factory in 1910 when he was Archdeacon of Moosonee. He was then 35 years of age, a seasoned missionary, a stalwart of the Church, a man's man. It was a delight to hear him preach in English, in Cree, or in Ojibway. For these Indian languages are fine sonorous tongues, well adapted to oratory, and pleasing to the ear, whether or not one understands them. He left the mission field in 1912 to make an outstanding success of big city churches in the "white man's country," before returning again to the missionary work as Bishop of Moosonee in 1943 at the age of 68.

Why was this great churchman lost to the missionary field for 31 years? Although no one in or out of authority has ever as much as whispered the thought to him, this reviewer has always held the opinion that Renison, in 1912, probably felt that he was wasting his talents in any capacity other than as Bishop of the Diocese. Certainly this would be a logical view for a layman to take.

This opinion is more or less borne out in the autobiography when, on page 85, the Archbishop says, "Although the Primate was kind to me when presenting me with my degree, I could see that he looked on me as a mere boy. The Indians petitioned to have me appointed their bishop, but the Archbishop took a different view." Characteristically, Renison accepted the decision in good grace, for there was nothing petty about the man. But he was forceful enough to make his own decisions for his own future. It is greatly to his credit that in the brief eleven years he was Bishop of Moosonee, he accomplished wonders in the building of new churches, the rehabilitation of old mission establishments and, above all, in the procurement of men and women of missionary spirit, able and eager to carry out the work of the pioneers.

Although he freely admitted the wider horizons and greater administrative and spiritual experience that came to him when ministering to white people in city churches, Archbishop Renison was a missionary at heart and his first love was the Diocese of Moosonee. He had already left his mark on Moosonee in his youth, but the crowning triumph of his career was his pastoral and administrative care of the diocese during the eleven years he presided as Bishop.

J. W. Anderson, former manager of James Bay and Ungava Districts, recently retired after 48 years in the fur trade.

THUNDER IN THE NORTH, Conflict over the Riel Risings 1870-1885.

by R. E. Lamb, C.S.B.

Pageant Press, New York, 1957. 354 pages. $5.00; in Canada $5.75.

Reviewed by George F. G. Stanley

MORE than that of any other man, the tragic figure of Louis Riel seems to hold the fascination of all those interested in the history of the Canadian West. This interest is by no means limited to historians; for Riel has seized the imagination of novelists, journalists, playwrights, even musicians. Nor is the interest confined to Canadians; for Americans too have become absorbed in the psychological and political problems attending the stormy career of the metis chieftain. One need only refer to the late Kinsey Howard of Montana, and now, more recently to Fr. R. E. Lamb of Detroit and Houston, Texas.

This, the most recent book on Louis Riel, deals largely with the reaction in the old provinces of Canada to the events of 1870 and 1885. The author's purpose is to show how the two Riel risings affected the relations of the English- and French-speaking peoples of Canada, and the resulting strains imposed upon the newly-built edifice of Confederation. This aspect of the Riel story has not previously been neglected, but it has required more thorough analysis for many years. Fr. Lamb attempts to handle this subject on three levels; at the popular level as reflected in the newspapers of the day, at the intermediate level as illustrated in the parliamentary debates, and at the top level as revealed in the letters of the Prime Minister and Governor-General. He concludes that the agitation was more thunder than storm, more emotional than rational, more political than racial; and ends with the comforting reflection that the Canadian federation emerged from the crisis with the strength required for a lasting political entity. His is a novel conclusion, and reassuring if true.

The book, however, leaves much to be desired. It will not hold enthralled even the most sympathetic reader. And I do not merely refer to the use of aggravating words like "missionized." The author has organized his material on a topical basis (the three levels) and in so doing plays hob with the chronology. One becomes confused and not a little weary of treading the same chronological ground several times. Here is flesh and blood, historical drama, frozen into the form of a Ph.D. thesis. Moreover, the early chapters, which are devoted to a narrative of the two risings, are neither as "full" nor as "illuminating" as the

dust cover suggests: in fact they contain little if anything that is not common knowledge to Canadian readers. The mystery of whether Riel was a madman, a charlatan, or a patriot, still remains a mystery. The real contribution which Fr. Lamb has made to the historical literature on Riel is to be found in his references to the views and attitudes of various members of the hierarchy, and the extensive quotations which he has culled with such painstaking assiduity from contemporary newspapers.

Professor Stanley of Royal Military College, is an authority on military history and has himself written on Riel.

HAROLD ADAMS INNIS
by D. G. Creighton

University of Toronto Press, 1957. 146 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by George V. Ferguson

CANADA has had many good and competent scholars, but few great ones. Of these the late Harold Adams Innis, struck down by cancer in 1952 at the comparatively early age of 58, stood in the front rank. He was distinguished by his scholarship, his industry, his humour, his philosophic breadth of view and his repeated and amazing bursts of imaginative insight, as well as by the fact that he inspired a whole generation of Canadian scholarship to adopt and to modify the basic concepts which he laid down in his own field of economic history. A brief memoir of him has been written by his great friend and colleague, himself a distinguished scholar, Donald Creighton, professor of history at Toronto. It has been written with the perception and grace which is habitual with him.

Why should a brief review of this book about Innis appear in *The Beaver*? It is because the keystone of his thinking is to be found in his monumental study of the Canadian fur trade, now fortunately re-published. Of it, Prof. Creighton has written that, until Innis spoke, most historians and observers had regarded the Canadian Pacific Railway as "an unnatural achievement, an act of men, done in defiance of geography" and he continued:

"Innis . . . had come to realize . . . that the Canadian Pacific Railway had simply recaptured, through the new medium of rail transport, a much older Canadian economic unity which had been based on water communication. Canadians had not, as they kept on insisting with senseless parrot-like iteration, been 'fighting geography'; geography had been fighting for them. 'The present Dominion,' Innis wrote later, 'emerged not in spite of geography, but because of it'."

This sounds simple, particularly so to the veterans of the fur trade. It was, however, a concept that exploded in the minds of Canadian scholars, set them on new tracks, and thus revitalized the whole teaching of Canadian history, geography and economics. This in turn has been for nearly 30 years passed on to successive generations of students who, without even knowing it, have become disciples and followers of this awkward, gangling, ruthlessly incisive man.

Too often we interpret our history in terms of the nation's statesmen and financiers. In cold fact the influence of this single man, born on a farm near Woodstock and educated for the Baptist ministry, has exercised an influence greater and more enduring than most of them.

Mr. Ferguson is editor of the Montreal Star.

THE INDIANS OF QUETICO
by Emerson S. Coatsworth.

Quetico Foundation Series, No. 1. University of Toronto Press, 1957, pp X, 56. $1.75.

Reviewed by Geoffrey Turner

IN an age when scenic playgrounds tend to be evaluated on such amenities as golf courses and speedboats, it is pleasant to see visitors to the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario encouraged to accept the wilderness for its own rewarding sake. Lying across the old fur-trade route from Lake Superior to the west, and canoe country still, Quetico Park is a living illustration of the physical and natural conditions under which no small part of the epic of Canadian exploration was played out.

There are few resident Indians in the Quetico today. Nevertheless the Quetico Foundation has done well to devote this, the first of its handbooks on the park, to a description of how earlier men, in the persons of the Ojibwa, came to terms with the environment it offers. Six brief chapters summarize Ojibwa social and family organization, daily life, food quest, equipment, and relations with the supernatural world, as they were before the coming of the white man. The writing, by Coatsworth, is succinct and entertaining, and the facts, assembled by Robert C. Dailey, a Toronto University anthropologist, are sound. The sources show through, but the book is the more reassuring for that; Frances Densmore, Hoffman, Jenks, Carrie Lyford and others have been well used. Only the function of the water in the Ojibwa log drum seems to have been misunderstood: it was not, as here stated (p. 33), drained out before playing but retained in the quantity required to determine the pitch of the drum.

The coloured frontispiece, of an early 19th-century camp, is an excellent choice, and the photographic plates are in the main adequate. One misses, however, any pictures of Indian people. Surely a photograph of a modern Ojibwa might with advantage have been substituted for, say, the plate enigmatically titled "Chatterton Falls" (not visible) which shows a party of white vacationists of unquestioned eminence but less obvious relevance. Dailey's sketches of dwellings, utensils and so on are not captioned, the intention apparently having been to insert them in the text in such a way as to make captions unnecessary. This is not uniformly successful: on p. 23 what appear to be deer-calls are illustrated under a discussion of fish-lures; the rattles shown on p. 32 are of gourd, not the bark ones described; while the hair roach (pictured, curiously, on a milliner's display-stand, p. 38) must presumably represent what Coatsworth on the next page alludes to as "moosehair *brooches*" used to adorn the head on ceremonial occasions.

But these are minor quibbles. *The Indians of Quetico* is a clear and sympathetic presentation of a vanished facet of Canadian aboriginal life, and as such can be recommended to any readers interested in Indians, whether or not they are ever likely to visit the park.

Geoffrey Turner, closely associated with the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford, has specialized in the arts and industries of the North American Indian.

LA VÉRENDRYE, Fur Trader and Explorer
by Nellis M. Crouse

Ryerson Press, Toronto, $5.00, and Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N.Y. 247 pages.

Reviewed by Louis Carrier

THE author of this interesting book refers to his field of action in words which justify their presence at the opening of his text:

"To those who find inspiration in tales of adventure, where romance blends with history, the story of French exploration in North America will always have a peculiar fascination. It is the story of a brave, adventurous people who found at their feet a vast, unknown continent . . . inhabited by strange savages whose ways of life were different from their own . . . In penetrating the hinterland, these

French Canadians were inspired by two goals: the fur trade and the discovery of the Western Sea. It was to this dual purpose that Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye devoted his life."

This book tells the story of two generations of one family's effort to contribute more than fur trading to the family's achievements. Their accomplishment includes the 'farthest west' of any white man and the first white man to see the foothills of the Rockies.

Pierre de la Verendrye was born in Three Rivers in 1685, the son of Rene de Varennes, an officer in Tracy's Regiment brought to Canada in 1665.

When barely adolescent, Pierre was entered as a cadet of militia and as such in the expedition against New England accompanied Rouville's raid on Deerfield in 1704. He later served in Newfoundland and in France where he was severely wounded at the battle of Malplaquet.

The book opens logically with a chapter on Exploration and the Fur Trade which traces the history of the midwest until the arrival of La Verendrye in 1727. For 17 years he was to labour incessantly, building new forts, strengthening old ones, trading with the savages, assuring their attachment to the French King, preventing conflict between the tribes. The Commander as he was called early came under the spell of the legends concerning the great Western Sea.

His reports to the Governor at Quebec, communicated to the Court, fired the imagination of officials and led to insistent demands that exploration be undertaken without delay. But the French Government would not furnish funds for exploration and the Commander made such meagre profits out of the fur trade that he was continually in debt.

"The lure of the West was now upon him." Each year plans were made for the expedition to the southwest, to the Mandans, beyond whom lay the Western Sea. But always some obstacle forced postponement. The fatal illness of La Jemeraye, his nephew and right-hand man; the assassination of his eldest son; feuding tribes, loss of provisions, all played a part in postponing action. Finally in 1738 he set out in search of the Mandans, and was greatly disappointed to find them not an unknown race of whites but red-men.

In the spring of 1742 a larger expedition was made ready to penetrate beyond the Mandan region, but once again Indian trouble kept the Commander from heading the expedition. Two of his sons led it, and were the first white men to see the Rocky Mountains, travelling farther west than any of their generation.

Canadians owe a debt of gratitude to La Verendrye and his sons; they pushed back the western horizon of their day; they blazed fresh trails across the wilderness; but, most of all, their intrepidity and integrity will remain an inspiration to Canadian youth.

This is a readable book: it might easily have been otherwise, for to chronicle the fretful travellings of a frustrated leader without allowing the text to become wearisome is quite an accomplishment.

Louis Carrier is curator of the Chateau de Ramezay in Montreal.

THE CANADIAN OXFORD ATLAS OF THE WORLD

Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1957. $12.50.

Reviewed by T. R. Weir

THE upheaval that engulfed the world after 1939 necessitated a re-examination of its geography. Atlases were found wanting. Not only in respect to territorial changes, but in so far as they portrayed population, economic and resource data, total revision was required. This was much facilitated by a flood of new scientific information about our world, not the least being information derived from the use of air-photos.

We welcome the second edition of the *Canadian Oxford Atlas* as rightly claiming a place among the better world atlases recently revised and edited and greatly improved cartographically. Statistical data is not earlier than 1951 and in many areas is 1956. Most of the errors of the former edition have been corrected and an entirely new section on Canada has been added.

The new atlas is in two parts. Part one contains twenty pages of maps of Canada including nine small scale maps setting forth its population, communications, soils, natural vegetation, geology, climate, and economic activities. Seven medium scale maps show the relief of the principal regions of Canada in layered tints. Cities, towns and transportation features are clearly superimposed. Part one is separated from the main body of the atlas by a gazetteer of over 5,000 place names of Canada.

While colours are pleasing and detail is clear one might wish for a fine-line contour separating the colours as some lack of definiteness between shades is noticeable. More detail for the scale is desirable in the Economic Development map.

Part two, the world, has 90 pages of maps depicting continents and major regions at medium scales. Coverage favours Britain, Europe and the Commonwealth countries and colonies, especially Africa. Asia and the U.S.S.R. are adequately treated. Eastern United States receives detailed treatment, but medium scale coverage of the U.S.A. as a whole is needed. Of the continents, South America alone is deficient in medium scale coverage.

Maps of the polar regions and the ocean basins are much improved through the use of colour. Double-page maps of the British Isles, West Africa, and the single page map of Africa are among new maps added.

A 92-page gazetteer of the world with additional statistical detail about the principal countries gives complete coverage of all place names.

Of the medium sized, moderately priced atlases the new Canadian Oxford has no peer.

Professor T. R. Weir is chairman of the department of geography at the University of Manitoba.

ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC: A Prospect of the Polar Regions

by Colin Bertram

W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge, 1958. 123 pages. 21/-

Reviewed by J. Keith Fraser

THE first edition of *Arctic and Antarctic*, published in 1939, outlined the principles of polar exploration and attempted with considerable success to depict the problems and techniques of a polar expedition. Equipment, rations and transport were the major themes and were examined mainly in the light of British Antarctic endeavours, although valid comparisons between the two polar regions were made throughout the volume. Now, two decades later, the author is able to discuss modern techniques and changing motives and problems against the background of his first book.

Dr. Bertram suggests that "the history of polar endeavour can be viewed in three well-marked stages. The 'pioneer' stage is the period before the first World War. The 'transitional' stage lies between the World Wars. And the 'modern' stage is that which has succeeded World War II." This would be a useful approach to a more detailed study of polar exploration.

The sub-title of the early edition, The Technique of Polar Travel, indicated the emphasis of the book on transport. This aspect is no less stressed in the present volume. The changes in transport are reflected in the choice of illustrations. In the original, well-chosen pairs of pictures contrasted nineteenth century conditions with those of what the author now considers the "transitional" phase; the present volume, except for four sketches illustrating sledging and the use of boats, contains photographs from the "modern" phase. It is fitting that the

appearance of the new edition should almost coincide with the successful crossing of Antarctica by a British mechanized, air-supported party.

The opening chapter of the 1939 edition discussed the motives of polar exploration and closed with a statement which is repeated in the present edition: "Though in the future scientists of greater skill than ever before will carry out research in polar lands, the environment they study will be the same as in the past. Though their equipment and mode of life may undergo many changes, these will be governed by the same environmental influences as at present. These environmental influences and man's physical and mental reactions to them are of permanent interest. . . ." Twenty years of change have not altered the validity of these words.

However, despite revision and better organization, the book is lost today amid the spate of polar literature. The complexity of launching a polar expedition has outrun the scope of this book. As a text, it had some value even in 1939; today its usefulness lies mainly in the comparison of past and present techniques.

J. Keith Fraser is head of the Northern Canada Research Section of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys.

THE TRUE NORTH
by T. C. Fairley and C. E. Israel

Macmillan, Toronto, 1957. 160 pages. $2.00.

(This book about Captain Bernier is one of the Great Stories of Canada series for young people. Our reviewer is one of those young people, Bill Ross, Grade IX, age 14 years. His interest in the North comes from familiarity, having spent four of his earlier years in the Eastern Arctic and having a father (Norman Ross) who has put in something like twenty years in the North. Mr. Ross corroborates his son's opinion as to the merits of the book.)

THE True North by T. C. Fairley and Charles E. Israel is a highly informative book on the North that tells of the brilliant foresight of Capt. Joseph Bernier, a pioneer in northern navigation.

Joseph's father built ships and he went on ships from his very early youth. Joseph received his captain's papers at the age of seventeen. Shortly after receiving these papers he became interested in the North and asked many questions on this subject of people who had been there. He soon became an "expert," a very unusual fact in that he had not as yet been there.

During the first years he served as captain of merchant ships and the experience he gained in shipping cargo was invaluable to him in later years during his Arctic trips.

If it was not for his foresight much of what is now the Canadian North might have been lost to other countries.

The Captain had trouble in getting to the North at first but at last he succeeded. He encountered many hardships due to the freezing cold and the unpredictability of the ice floes. His major work in the North was to claim for Canada all those islands beyond the mainland.

Although he was denied his ambition of either completing the North West Passage or reaching the North Pole, he still did a great deal for Canada.

This book is a truly interesting one and is unusual in that it gives an authentic story, in fact history, in a form that may be enjoyed.

THE GREAT CHIEF
by Kerry Wood

Macmillan, Toronto, 1957. 160 pages. $2.00.

Reviewed by J. W. Anderson

THIS is the life story of Maskepetoon, the great warrior of the Plains Crees, who later turned Peacemaker. To please his father, and as part of his initiation as a warrior, he fasted and communed with the Great Spirit and received a traumaturgic vision and a manhood name, Maskepetoon, meaning "wounded arm." For many years the meaning of the vision eluded him and it is interesting to trace, through the years of scalping and warring, how the futility of inter-tribal warfare dawned on him, how his spirit was enlightened and he turned to the paths of peace. He was truly a leader of his people with vision to foresee the pending changes when the encroachments of the white man would alter their way of life; when it would be necessary for the Indians at least to stop killing one another and present a united front to the white man.

This volume is part of the "Great Stories of Canada" historical series for young people. As the author states in his "Acknowledgements," he has used some of the methods of fiction to make the story more appealing to young readers, while keeping intact the historical facts of Maskepetoon's life. As a result, the story very definitely bears the stamp of authenticity. There is little or nothing in it to offend the credulity of a fur trader. For not only has the author done diligent research work on his history of the western plains of a hundred or more years ago, but he gives abundant evidence of keen and close nature study. And the Cree names and words are all authentic: *Pa-pee* the laughing one, *Minihik* the spruce tree, *Mai-kun* the wolf, *Kakaku* the crow and of course *Maskepetoon* the hero's name. The errors in the book, as seen by this reviewer, are very few and very minor. And the illustrations are excellent.

This is a delightful story, well calculated to give our young people an authentic and interesting picture of the life of the Plains Indians of over a century ago.

TALES OF KITAMAAT
by Gordon Robinson

Northern Sentinel Press, Kitimat, B.C. 1956. 46 pages. 85c from Box 2953, Smeltersite, Kitimat, B.C.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

GORDON Robinson is a Haisla, one of the sub-tribes of the Kwakiutl of the British Columbia coast, and so we may be sure that he is familiar with his material, the folk-lore of Kitamaat, where he was born. It is refreshing to have a collection of tales from so competent a source and, moreover, this collection serves as a useful check on the authenticity and value of other collections made by professional anthropologists who are not of the native races.

Some of the tales are familiar already, such as that of The Loon's Necklace; others are local in their application, as, for instance, the first peopling of the Kitamaat district. The author's occidental education has led to a strange blending of the cultures and exemplifies a phenomenon already familiar: that a person of the native culture feels there is no incongruity in introducing elements of the white man's culture, whereas a white author would be most careful to exclude them. I have no idea which is right; perhaps they both are, for each must follow the ideal as he sees it.

WINGED CANOES AT NOOTKA
by Pamela Stephen

Dent, Toronto, $3.00

A COLLECTION of sketches of colourful events in the history of British Columbia. Mrs. Stephen has elaborated on the basic facts in the interests of telling a good tale. The anecdotes range from the grim to the humorous and cover a period from Cook's arrival in 1778 to the days of the sternwheelers.

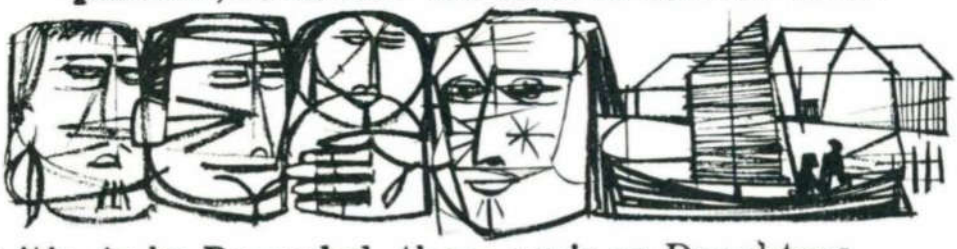
They are simply told stories for those who like to take their history lightly, mostly within the bounds of historical probability, though the chapter on Lady Douglas has many errors.

The illustrations by Annora Brown are apt and attractive.—M.B.

OBSERVATIONS ON HUDSON'S BAY 1743-1749

These Natives are Very Loving and fond of their Children, Never I think seen any parent or Relation strike a child in anger all the time I have been here ,or in these parts, beleving itt may be the Same all over America,

Observing De' la,sale and Some others mentions the same,&c -and as to heaving water at them when angry, I have seen done frequent,the fondness to their childn.is not with them as in England, as itt's too frequent the Entire Ruing to childn. and Greif to parents,when itts too Late to correct them.-



But it's to be Regarded these son's or Daughters never Leaves their parents,tell they gett married, then the youngest son or son in Law mentains their parents as Long as they Live.

BY JAMES ISHAM

JAMES ISHAM, whose Observations on Hudson's Bay provide a fascinating account of life during the mid-18th century at the two great northern forts of the H B C, took over Prince of Wales's Fort at the age of 25, and five years later, was made chief at York Factory, where he served on and off until his death there in 1761.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

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